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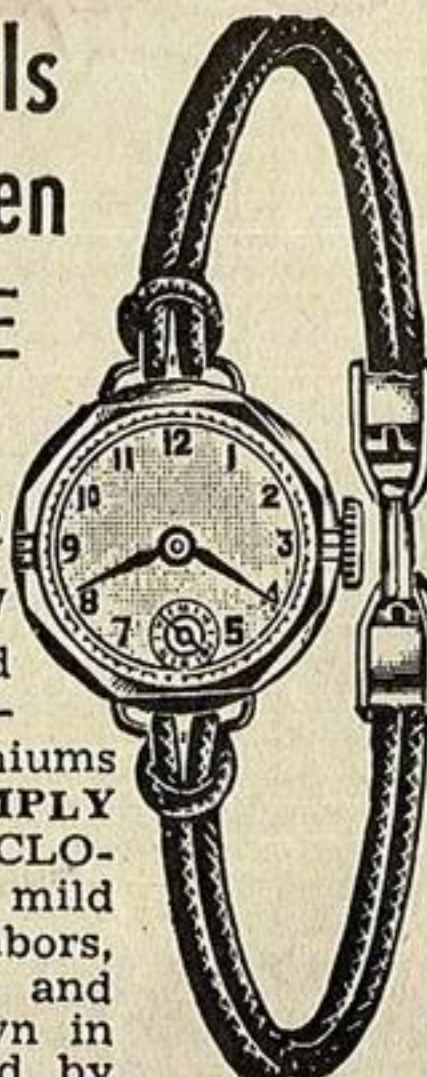
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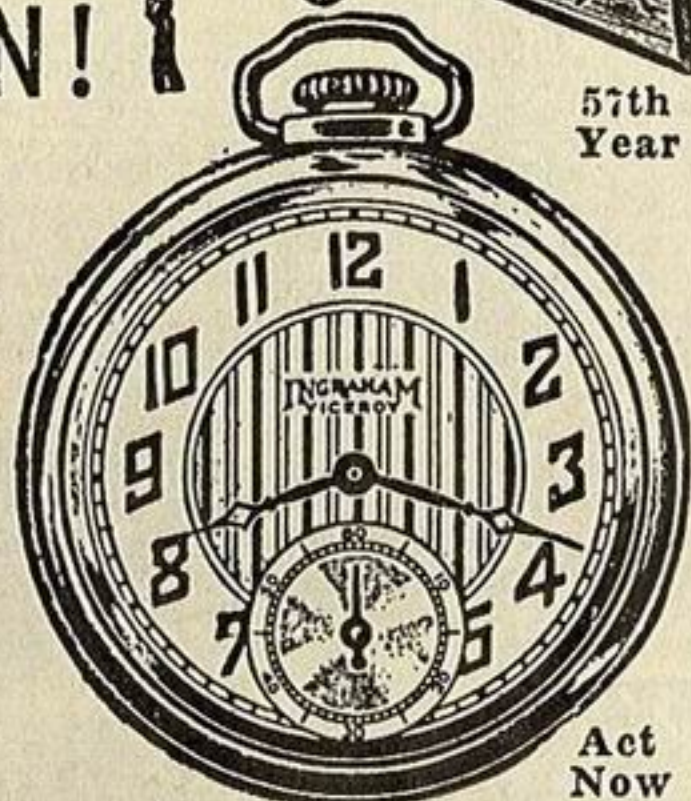
# PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

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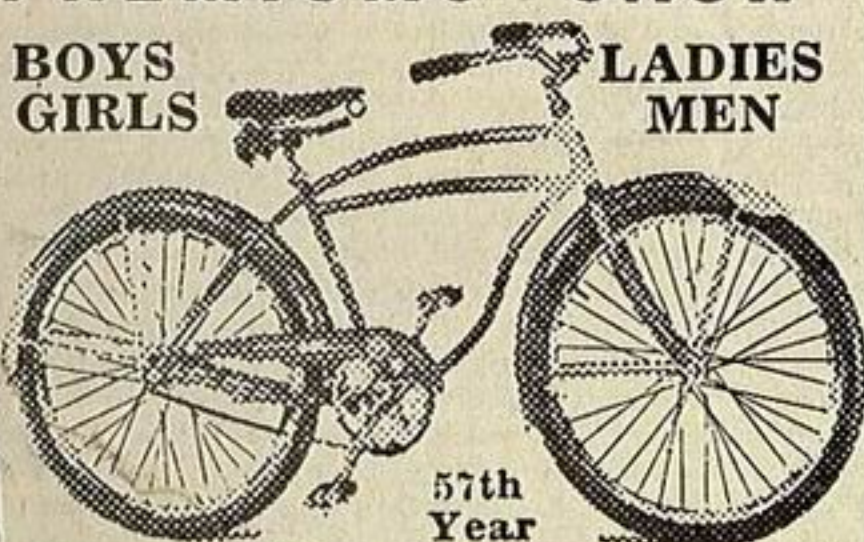
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BOYS  
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LADIES  
MEN



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Our  
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OUR  
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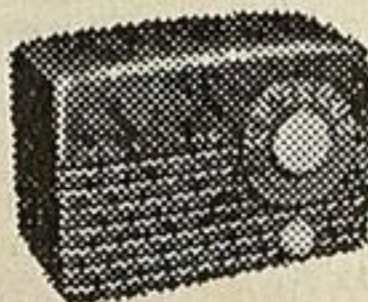
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# The HAUNT of the HYENA

IT WAS JUST A DEAD ANIMAL... A MUSTY TROPHY HIDDEN IN THE GLOOM OF A MYSTERIOUS MANOR! BUT ITS EYES HELD A GLEAM THAT HINTED OF MIDNIGHTS BRIMMING WITH TERROR... WHEN CREATURES THAT WERE NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST SCUTTLED THROUGH  
**The HAUNT of the HYENA!**



IT'S WONDERFUL TO LEARN YOU'VE INHERITED A HOUSE, BRUCE... BUT I CERTAINLY WISH THE SURROUNDINGS WEREN'T SO GLOOMY!

YEP... AND ONLY YESTERDAY YOU WERE WONDERING, WHERE WE'D LIVE AFTER WE GET MARRIED! I THINK IT'S PURE LUCK THAT A COUNTRY LAWYER HAPPENED TO SEARCH THROUGH SOME OLD DEEDS... AND FOUND I'M THE ONLY DESCENDANT OF JOHN ANDREWS!



AND WHAT ELSE DID THE LAWYER FIND? YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED IT, BRUCE... BUT I GOT A GLIMPSE OF HIS LETTER! **JOHN ANDREWS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO...** AND NO ONE'S GONE NEAR THE MANOR SINCE!

THAT OLD WOMAN LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'S LIVED AROUND HERE FOR YEARS, NORMA! SHE SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLD HOUSE!







YOU'RE GOING UP TO THE MANOR, EH? NOW THERE'LL BE LIGHTS IN THE WINDOWS AND FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN... BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD... IT WON'T GET RID OF **THEM!**

**THEM?**... I THOUGHT THE PLACE WAS **EMPTY!** HAVE YOU SEEN ANYONE UP THERE?



WAIT... **YOU'LL** SEE 'EM! STRIPED THINGS WITH STARING EYES... AND BRISTLING HAIR ON THEIR HIDEOUS HEADS!



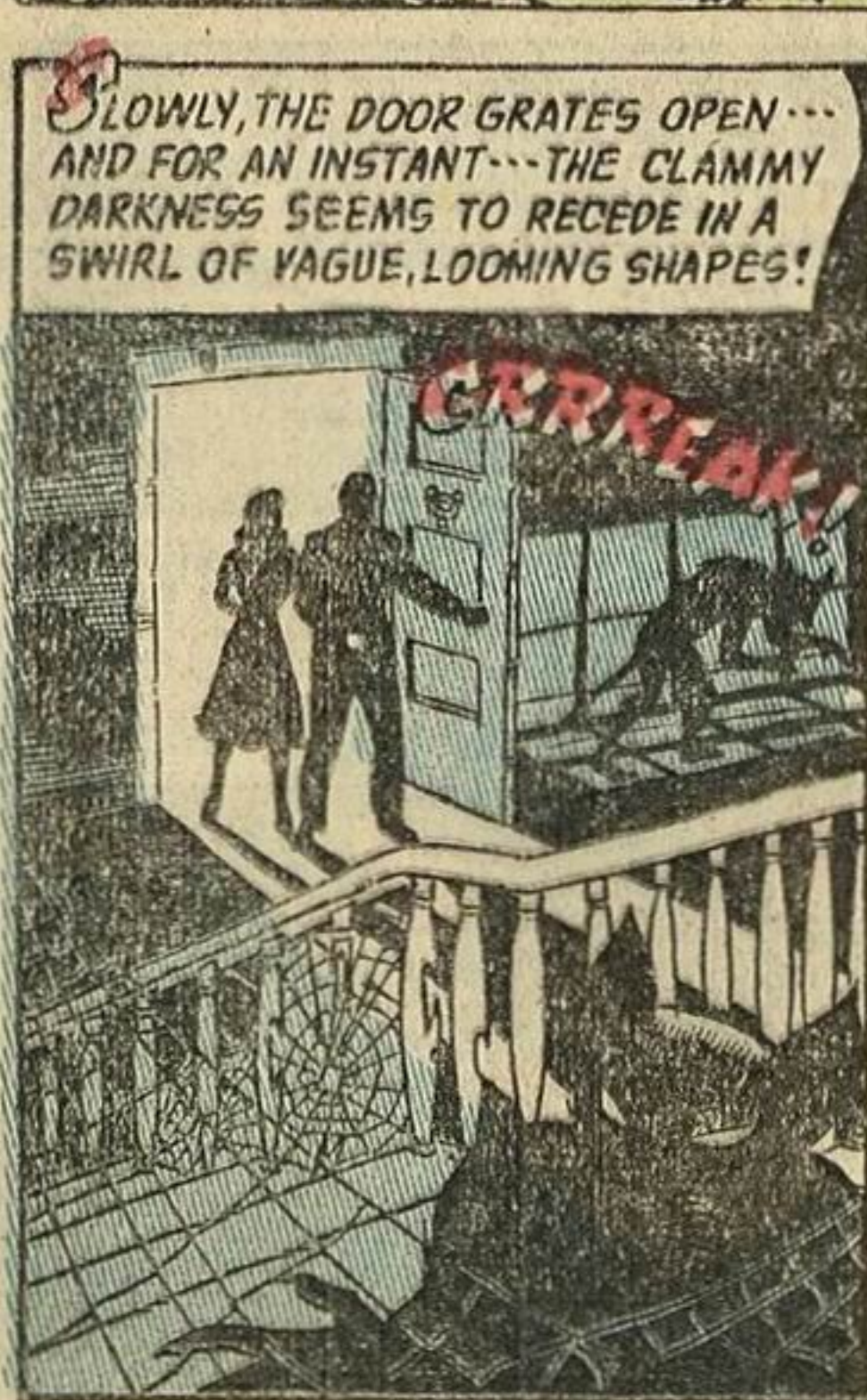
**S**LOWLY, THE SHRILLING OF THE CRICKETS FADES AWAY... AND IN A SPOT THAT SEEMS FOREVER DUSK...

OKAY, HONEY... **HERE IT IS!**



BRUCE, I KNOW IT'LL SOUND SILLY... BUT AFTER WHAT THAT OLD WOMAN SAID... DO YOU SUPPOSE THE PLACE IS REALLY **HAUNTED?**

THERE'S JUST ONE THING THAT'S HAUNTING **ME**, HONEY... AND THAT'S FINDING A HOUSE! WELL, WE'VE **GOT ONE**... AND NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM LOOKING IT OVER!



**S**LOWLY, THE DOOR GRATES OPEN... AND FOR AN INSTANT... THE CLAMMY DARKNESS SEEMS TO RECEDE IN A SWIRL OF VAGUE, LOOMING SHAPES!



**BRUCE... WHAT'S THAT?**



HEAVENS... IT'S NOTHING BUT A STUFFED ANIMAL!

RIGHT... A **HYENA!** THAT'S WHAT THE OLD WOMAN WAS TALKING ABOUT, NORMA... A HARMLESS HUNTING TROPHY THAT HEARSAY AND SUPERSTITION HAVE TURNED INTO A HAUNTING BAND OF GHOULS WITH STRIPED BODIES!



BRUCE, MAYBE IT **WILL** BE ALL RIGHT TO LIVE IN ANDREWS MANOR AFTER WE'RE MARRIED... BUT FOR GOODNESS SAKE, LET'S GET RID OF **THAT!**

OKAY...WE'LL CART IT AROUND TO RYAN'S CURIO SHOP! THAT PLACE SELLS JUST ABOUT **ANYTHING**...MAYBE THEY CAN GET RID OF IT FOR US!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

LOOK, RYAN...I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO **BUY** THIS HYENA...SO WHY BE CHOOSY?

YOU KNOW WHAT A HYENA EATS, DON'T YOU? SURE, IT'S **DEAD**... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING AN ANIMAL AROUND THAT MAYBE PAWED OPEN A FEW GRAVES BACK IN AFRICA! BUT I'LL DO YOU A FAVOR, BRUCE...YOU CAN LEAVE IT HERE!

THAT NIGHT...AT BRUCE'S APARTMENT...

NORMA...YOU'RE JUMPY AS A STEEPLECHASE! YOU STILL GOT THAT HYENA ON YOUR MIND...OR WHAT?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT...I'M **SURE** I SAW SOMETHING PROWL TOWARD THE WINDOW...A HUNCHED FIGURE WITH A STRANGE WHITE FACE!

BRUCE...I HEARD IT! IT SPOKE...IT SPOKE!

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, RYAN...PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! WHAT SPOKE?

"MIDNIGHT IS COMING," IT SAID! "MIDNIGHT IS COMING"...JUST LIKE THAT!

HE'S TOO CRAZED WITH FEAR TO GIVE A LUCID EXPLANATION, BRUCE... BUT I KNOW WHAT SPOKE! **THE HYENA!**

**WHATEVER** IT WAS...MIDNIGHT'S JUST TWENTY MINUTES OFF! LET'S GO TO THE SHOP...AND SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

SOON AFTERWARD...

I...I DON'T WANT TO SOUND CHILDISH, DARLING...BUT SUPPOSE WE FIND OURSELVES UP AGAINST SOMETHING UNEXPECTED...SOMETHING **HIDEOUS**?

THEN MAYBE WE'LL GET THE ANSWER TO A LOT OF THINGS...INCLUDING THE **DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN ANDREWS!** BUT I STILL THINK THE WHOLE THING'S STRICTLY FROM NERVES...SO TAKE A SEAT AND TRY TO KEEP A GRIP ON **YOURS!**



**S**LOWLY, THE MINUTES DRAG ON...AND SLOWLY...  
 BRUCE BEGINS TO WONDER! IS THAT THE DIM  
 LIGHT REFLECTED IN THE HYENA'S EYES...OR  
 IS IT THE EYES?

YEP, THEY ALMOST SEEM TO  
 BE GLINTING WITH AN UNCANNY  
 HINT OF SOMETHING **ALIVE**...  
 SOMETHING **WAITING!**

**Then...AT THE THUDDING STROKE OF TWELVE...**

**BRUCE...THE  
 MUMMY CASE!  
 LOOK...LOOK  
 ...IT'S  
 OPENING!**

**BRRRUMP!**

**S**UNG WITH TATTERED BURIAL  
 WINDINGS AND THE MUSTY RANKNESS  
 OF A FORGOTTEN TOMB...

**GOOD LORD! IT CAN'T  
 MOVE...NOT AFTER  
 THOUSANDS OF YEARS!**

IT **WASN'T** THE HYENA RYAN HEARD  
 ...IT WAS **THAT** THING...**MUTTER-  
 ING** FROM ITS TOMB!

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT  
 THAT...**NOW!** THE MUMMY'S  
 HOBBLING TOWARD THE  
 HYENA...AND INCH BY  
 INCH...**THE HYENA'S  
 TURNING ITS  
 HEAD!**

**Then...IN A FLASH THAT RIPS  
 THE DUSTY GLOOM...**

**CRRAK!**

**GREAT GUNS! THE MUMMY'S  
 VANISHED... JUST AS IF THAT  
 THING **ABSORBED** IT!  
 AND LOOK WHAT THE  
 HYENA'S **BECOME!****

**HA-HA! THAT IS  
 WHAT HAPPENS TO  
 ANY CORPSE I AM  
 AROUND AT MIDNIGHT!  
 THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED  
 TO THE BODY OF JOHN  
 ANDREWS...AFTER I KILLED  
 HIM SO THAT HIS ISOLATED  
 MANOR COULD BECOME **THE  
 HAUNT OF  
 THE  
 HYENA!****

A CREEP LIKE YOU MUST HAVE  
 BEEN EVIL TO START WITH...  
 BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE  
 LOOKED LIKE  
**THAT!**

YES, SOMETHING  
 CHANGED ME...FROM  
 A HUMAN TO A CREATURE  
 THAT PREYS ON THE  
 DEAD! WATCH...YOU'LL  
 SEE HOW IT HAPPENED...  
**IN A VISION THAT  
 PROBES THE MURKY  
 SECRETS OF  
 THE PAST!**





GOOD HEAVENS...SOMETHING'S GLIDING THROUGH THAT MIST! IT'S A SHIP!

A SLAVE SHIP...FREIGHTED WITH HUMAN MISERY! A HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS AGO...I WAS MASTER OF THAT VESSEL!



AMONG MY CAPTIVES WAS A WITCH DOCTOR...AND ONE NIGHT...I WATCHED AS HE BROUGHT OUT A MAGIC POWDER!

MY TRIBE HAS GUARDED THIS MAGIC FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS...WE HAVE SAVED IT FOR THE DAY WHEN OUR PEOPLE FACE DOOM FROM THEIR ENEMIES! THAT DAY HAS COME!



FOR WEEKS DURING OUR LONG VOYAGE, I HAVE TRIED TO SUMMON UP COURAGE FOR THE ORDEAL! NOW I AM READY TO TAKE THE MAGIC POWDER...AND SET YOU FREE! THE SWORDS AND GUNS OF THE CREW WILL BE USELESS...THEY WILL DIE WITH AN IMAGE OF HORROR GLAZING THEIR EYES! BEHOLD...I WILL CHANGE INTO A THING SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN...A BEING NO HUMAN CAN KILL!



IT SOUNDED LIKE NONSENSE...BUT IT WOULD BE WORTH A BULLET TO FIND OUT!

IF THE POWDER'S THAT GOOD...IT ISN'T GOING TO BE WASTED ON A HEATHEN DOG LIKE YOU!

AAAGH!

BAM!



SLIPPING INTO MY CABIN, I DECIDED TO MAKE A TEST! I SWALLOWED THE POWDER...AND FELT A SURGE OF EVIL LIKE LIQUID FIRE...

AHH! CHANGING... CHANGING!

GREAT HORN SPOON... THAT'S NO MAN...IT'S A DEMON OF EVIL!



THESE MEN WHO RECOILED IN WHITEFACED TERROR HAD BEEN MY SHIPMATES ON A DANGEROUS VOYAGE...MY ACCOMPLICES IN ILLEGAL SLAVE TRADING...BUT NOW THEY WERE HUMANS! HUMANS WHO MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE THE SHIP MADE PORT...BEFORE THEY REVEALED THE SECRET OF MY GRISLY TRANSFORMATION!



I WAITED UNTIL WE REACHED MAGNOLIA SWAMP...A TIDAL MARSH NOT FAR FROM HERE...AND THEN OPENED THE SEA VALVE!

HELP! HELP!

HAA! WRECKAGE... BODIES...IT'LL ALL BE SWALLOWED UP BY THE SWAMP... FOREVER!



THOSE POOR DEVILS HAD **ONE** THING TO BE THANKFUL FOR! THEY DIED...BUT AT LEAST YOU COULDN'T CLAIM THEIR **BODIES!**

I'VE HAD NO LACK OF VICTIMS! YOU AND THE GIRL WILL KNOW **THAT** AFTER I'VE KILLED YOU ---AND YOUR **BODIES FUSE** WITH MINE TOMORROW MIDNIGHT!

COME ON, NORMA...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...**FAST!**



LET THEM **TRY** TO ESCAPE! THAT WILL GIVE THEM **ANOTHER** PROOF OF MY POWERS...WHEN MY DEMONS TRACK THEM DOWN...**NO MATTER** HOW FAR THEY GO!



BRUCE---IT'S HOPELESS! TIME AND DISTANCE MEAN NOTHING TO A FIEND LIKE **THAT!**

MAYBE NOT! BUT THE HYENA WON'T BE SO INTERESTED IN PREY IF HE'S FORCED TO FIND A NEW REFUGE...**AFTER** WE'VE BURNED DOWN ANDREWS MANOR!



**H**OURS LATER...IN A HALL MANTLED BY THE GREY PALL OF DAWN---

WE **SHOULD** HAVE DESTROYED THIS PLACE THE **FIRST** TIME, BRUCE! **NOW** I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE TOO LATE...**THAT WE** **SHOULDN'T** HAVE COME IN!

HATE TO SAY

YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY---BUT DO YOU HEAR **THAT?** THERE'S A STRANGE NOISE IN THE CORRIDOR---

LIKE SCUTT-  
LING  
FOOT-  
STEPS!



Then...THE DOORWAY FRAMES THE SHAPE OF HORROR!

STRIPED THINGS...WITH STARING EYES! GOOD HEAVENS...WHY DIDN'T I REMEMBER?



YOU CAN MAKE IT, NORMA! GET OUT...**FAST!**

HAA HA HA!





**THE HYENA!**

THERE'S **ONE** TIME I ALWAYS RESPOND TO THE THOUGHT WAVES SENT OUT BY MY FIENDS...**AND THAT'S WHEN THEY'VE FOUND PREY!**

ONLY THE BLACK MAGIC OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLES COULD SPAWN THINGS LIKE **THEM!** THE POWDER I TOOK WAS MADE FROM THE CHARRED BONES OF THE ARCH-FIEND WHO ONCE CONTROLLED THEM...AND NOW **MINE** IS THE WILL THEY OBEY!

IN A VAULT BURDENED WITH THE GHOSTLY TERROR OF PAST VICTIMS... TAKE MY ADVICE, FREAK...AND KILL US **NOW**...BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO BE CONTENT WITH **ESCAPING!** AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE...**I'LL BE REACHING FOR A WAY TO END YOUR SLIMY CAREER!**

AHA, NO...YOU CAN'T TAUNT ME INTO TAKING YOUR LIVES **YET!** WAIT UNTIL **MID-NIGHT**...WHEN YOUR LIFELESS BODIES BECOME PART OF **MINE!**

WITH THE HOURS PASSING LIKE THE UNHEARD FOOTSTEPS OF DOOM... THERE'S NO WAY OUT, BRUCE! INSTEAD OF CHECKING THAT FIEND, WE'RE GIVING HIM A NEW SURGE OF POWER! A SPIDER REPLENISHES ITS VENOM FROM THE BODIES OF ITS VICTIMS...AND **HE** RENEWS HIS EVIL!

I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE...BUT THE HYENA'S WATCHING US! AND IF I PRETEND I **HAVEN'T** SPOTTED HIM...THERE'S A CHANCE TO TRICK HIM WITH JUST THE KIND OF BAIT HE'D BE INTERESTED IN!

YEP...**TWO** NEW VICTIMS ARE BAD ENOUGH, NORMA! BUT IT'S A GOOD THING THE HYENA DOESN'T KNOW THAT NEARLY A HUNDRED PEOPLE WERE JUST KILLED BY A CYCLONE...FORTY MILES FROM HERE! THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE REACHED **THERE** IN A COFFIN...DISGUISED AS A CORPSE! SCORES OF DEAD...AND AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT...**THEY'D BELONG TO HIM!**

**MINUTES LATER...**

NOW I KNOW WHAT THOSE SCUTTling FOOTSTEPS MEAN...**THE FIENDS!** BRUCE, THERE'S OVER AN HOUR TO GO BEFORE MIDNIGHT...THEY **CAN'T** BE COMING FOR **US!**

KEEP YOUR HEAD, HONEY...**THEY'RE CARRYING A COFFIN!** THE HYENA'S READY TO PULL A FAST ONE...AND I'LL HAVE TO PUT ON A CONVINCING ACT TO LURE HIM **ALONG!**

**GOOD LORD...THE HYENA!** HE'S LISTENED, NORMA...**HE'S LEARNED ABOUT THOSE CYCLONE VICTIMS!**

**TWO** VICTIMS CAN WAIT...WHEN A **HUNDRED** ARE READY TO BE CLAIMED! **YOU** WILL DRIVE ME THERE...AND REMEMBER THAT MY FIENDS CAN BE SUMMONED IN A **SECOND!** AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A TRICK...YOU'LL KNOW THE KIND OF AGONY THAT WOULD MAKE DEATH A **BOON!**







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**NIGHT**



**BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!**



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# The **MAN-FISH**

“I’M SURE SORRY you didn’t come out to Vancouver before that earthquake last week, professor,” Seth Cardwell said. “There don’t seem to be any fish at all left in these here waters... they all must’ve been scared away by that quake...or by *some*thin’!”

Professor Roscoe Purcell smiled at his Canadian fishing guide. “Well, it’s not your fault, Seth. But I won’t let the lack of fish ruin my vacation...*wait*... look over there! That cloud of seagulls over on our starboard side...there must be literally *thousands* of them there! And what could attract so many at one time... except *fish*?”

Seth squinted over in the direction the professor had indicated, and whistled in surprise. “Whew, I’ve never seen as many as *that* in one place before! They all seem to be swoopin’ and settlin’ over the Blakiston Shoals...could be a dead whale got washed up there, an’ them gulls are feedin’ on his carcass. Let’s find out!”

Seth gave the small outboard motor full throttle, and the motorboat cut through the waters of Queen Charlotte Strait off Vancouver Island. Before long, they came close enough to the shoals to make out an enormous, 90-foot long and 12-foot high mass of *something* caught on the shoals. But what that *something* was, they couldn’t tell...for practically every square inch of it was covered by screaming, feeding seagulls.

“I’ll choke the engine an’ make it backfire,” Seth said. “The noise ought to scare them gulls an’ make ‘em take wing so we ~~can~~ see what kind o’ whale it is.”

Moments later, as the loud, staccato bangs made the gulls take to the air in alarm, Professor Purcell gasped in incredulity. “Great Scott...it’s not a whale...it...it’s a *monstrous man-fish*!”

And there, before their astonished eyes, was a gigantic creature half submerged in water and half hung up on the

jagged shoals...a creature whose skin was sea-green, whose head and torso was that of a man, but whose lower body was nothing but the *monstrous* fin of a fish!

“It...it must’ve been killed by that earthquake,” Seth murmured in awe, “an’ the body floated up to the surface, to be caught on the shoals!”

“Quick, Seth,” the professor said in a frenzy of excitement. “Pull up alongside it! This is the greatest discovery of the age...I’ll take some cuttings of its skin to examine under the microscope... and then we’ll head back to the nearest maritime station and radio for a cutter to tow the creature into port before the gulls devour it entirely!”

Reluctantly, Seth obeyed, feeling a strange apprehension about approaching so close to a being that obviously belonged in the dark, mysterious and boundless depths of the oceans. And so it was that Seth didn’t watch the professor climbing onto the slippery, slimy carcass...for somehow Seth felt sure that the boundless deeps would claim their own. And moments later, as Seth sighted the monstrous head breaking the surface of the water a few hundred yards away, he let out a yell that could have woken the dead: “Look out, Professor...*here comes another one...a LIVE one!*”

From his perch atop the chest of the dead creature, the professor glanced up in alarm...and saw the monstrous, green *woman-fish* cutting through the water at incredible speed toward him. “It...it must be his mate,” gasped the professor, sliding down the carcass and leaping into the boat.

The boat got away none too soon...for moments later, the dead carcass of the creature from the depths was being pulled off the shoals and into deeper water, disappearing at last from sight of Seth and the professor, who had only a small cutting of *man-fish* flesh as evidence that it had all been more than just an hallucination.



**IF** THE TIME EVER COMES WHEN YOU HEAR THE SOFT, STEALTHY PAD OF SKULKING CREATURES STALKING YOU IN THE FOREST OF THE NIGHT... IF THE POUNDING OF YOUR OWN TERRIFIED HEART FAILS TO DROWN OUT THE EERIE HOWLS OF A WOLF-PACK ABOUT TO POUNCE ON ITS PREY... THEN YOU'LL KNOW YOU'VE PROBABLY STUMBLERD ON ...



IN THE COUNTY LAND OFFICE, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS...

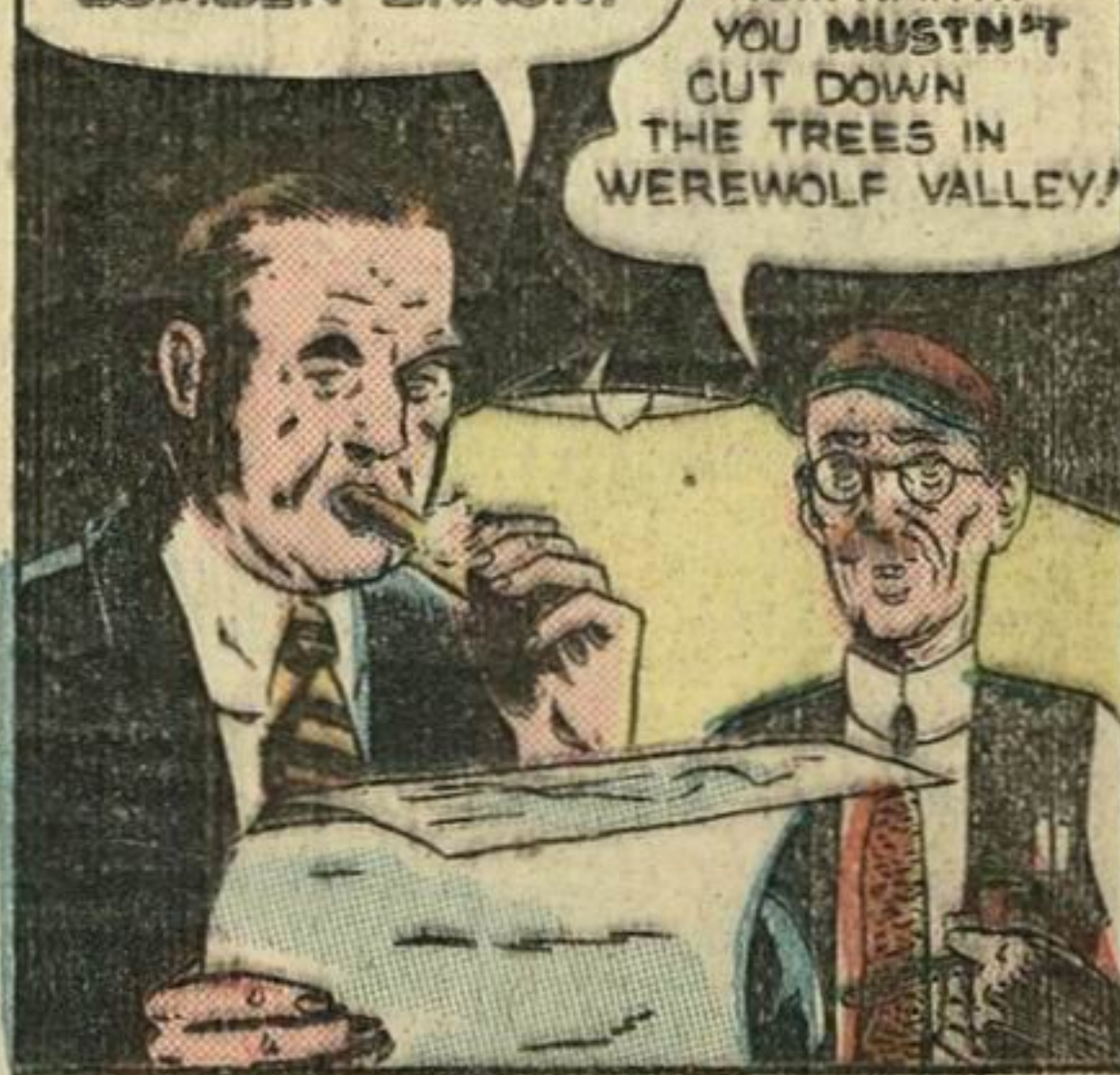
THAT'S THE TRACT OF LAND I'M INTERESTED IN, THAT VALLEY RIGHT HERE ON THIS AERIAL SURVEY MAP! WHEN I FLEW OVER IT, I COULD SEE IT'S GOT THE FINEST STAND OF VIRGIN TIMBER THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKIES... WHO OWNS THAT LAND?

THAT? WHY THAT'S KNOWN AS WEREWOLF VALLEY! NO-BODY OWNS IT...OR WANTS IT!



WHAT...UNCLAIMED LAND? WHY, THIS'LL BE THE GREATEST LEGAL STEAL OF THE CENTURY... I WON'T HAVE TO PAY A CENT FOR THE RIGHT TO STRIP THAT HOLLOW BARE OF EVERY SINGLE TREE! WITH LUMBER AT SKY-HIGH PRICES TO-DAY, IT'LL BRING IN A FORTUNE... AND THEY'LL SOON START CALLING ME DUKE MASTERS, THE LUMBER BARON!

NO... WAIT... YOU MUSTN'T CUT DOWN THE TREES IN WEREWOLF VALLEY!





YOU SEE, IN THE OLD DAYS, THE EARLY COLONISTS SET ASIDE A TRACT OF LAND FOR WHATEVER EVIL SPIRITS USED TO PLAGUE THEM! THEY SET ASIDE THIS TRACT FOR WEREWOLVES! THE IDEA WAS THAT WITH THEIR OWN LAND TO LIVE ON, THEY WOULDN'T BOTHER THE REST OF THE COMMUNITY!



NO HUMAN HAS SET FOOT IN THE VALLEY SINCE THEN...AND YOU COULDN'T GET ANY OF THE LOCAL MEN TO CUT TIMBER THERE, BECAUSE IT WOULD DRIVE THE WEREWOLVES OUT AND RELEASE THEM TO PREY ON THE COUNTRYSIDE!



WEREWOLVES...WHAT BUNK! IF THE HILL-BILLIES ARE THAT SUPERSTITIOUS, I'LL IMPORT A CREW OF CITY ROUGHNECKS! WE'LL BE ARMED, SO PASS THE WORD ALONG THAT NO ONE BETTER TRY TO STOP US!

A WEEK LATER, ON THE ROAD TO WERE-WOLF VALLEY...

DON'T LET 'EM PASS! KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE VALLEY!

DON'T STOP!..DRIVE RIGHT THROUGH THEIR RANKS! THEY CAN EITHER JUMP... OR COMMIT SUICIDE!



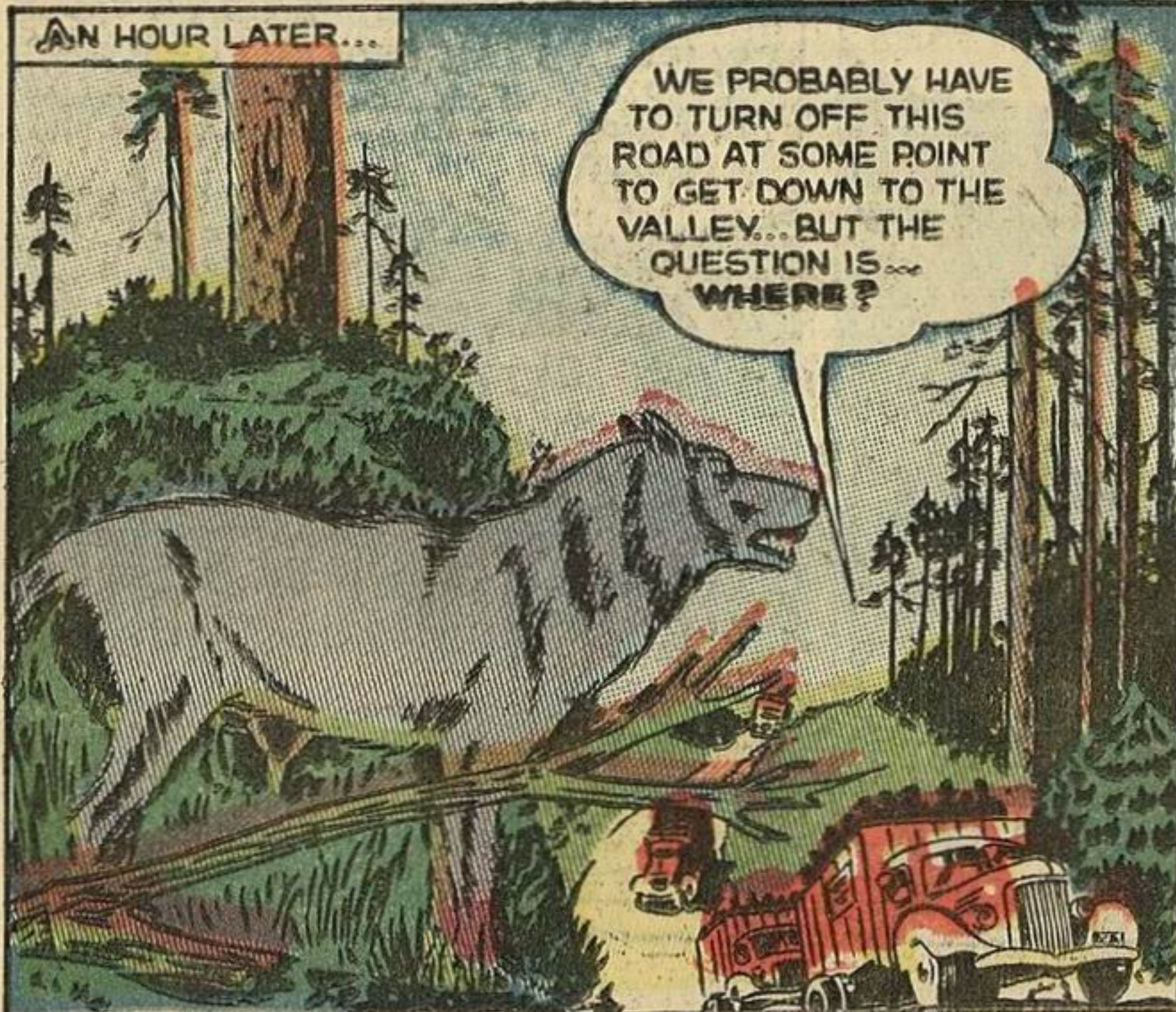
HAW!..LOOK AT THEM RABBITS JUMP!

OUT OF OUR WAY, YUH HILLBILLIES!



AN HOUR LATER...

WE PROBABLY HAVE TO TURN OFF THIS ROAD AT SOME POINT TO GET DOWN TO THE VALLEY... BUT THE QUESTION IS... WHERE?

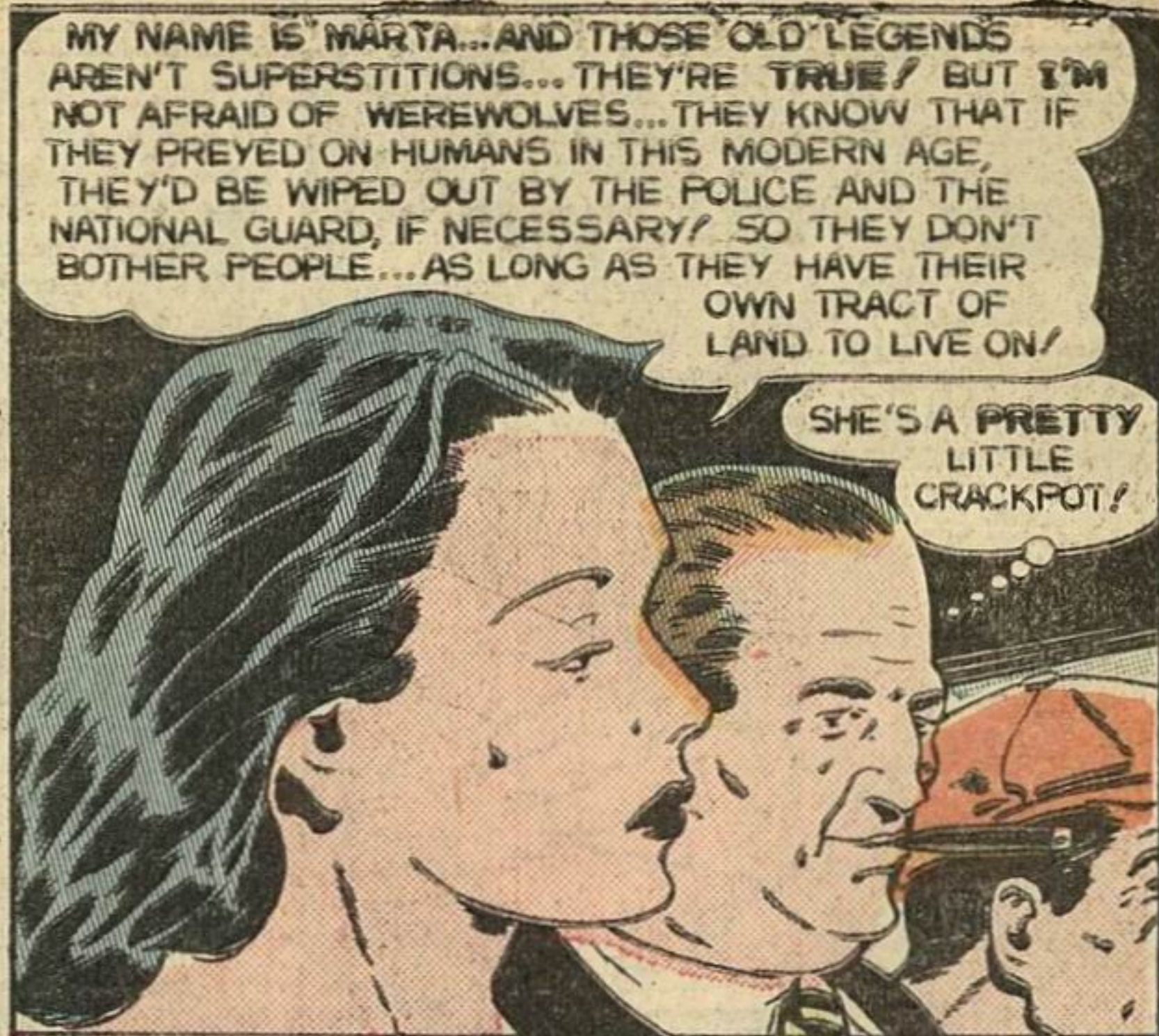


LOOK, BOSS... THAT GAL WASN'T THERE A SECOND AGO!

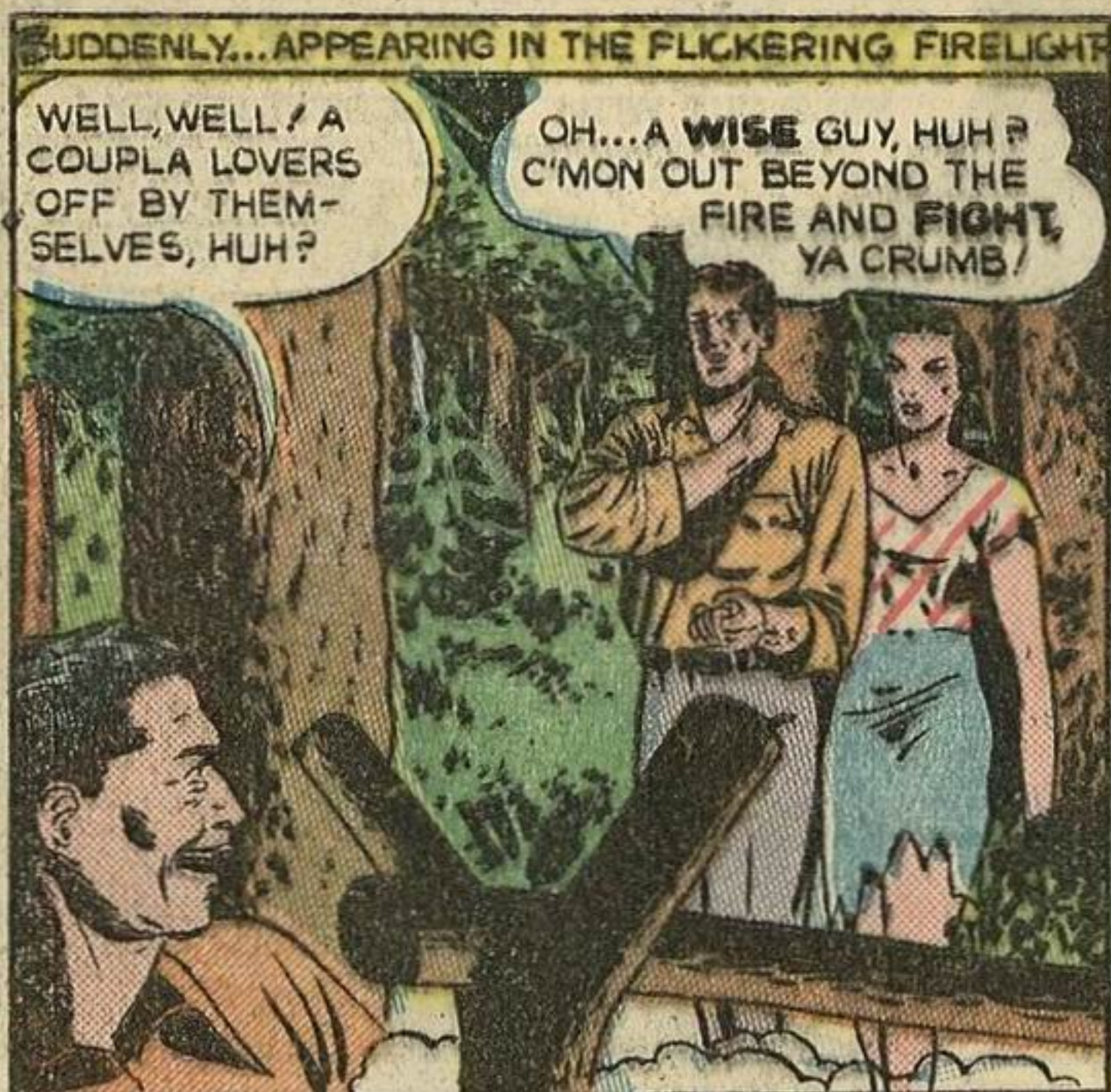
SHE MUST'VE BEEN WALKING IN THE WOODS...WHICH MEANS SHE KNOWS HER WAY AROUND THESE PARTS! PULL UP...MAYBE SHE CAN TELL US THE WAY TO WEREWOLF VALLEY!



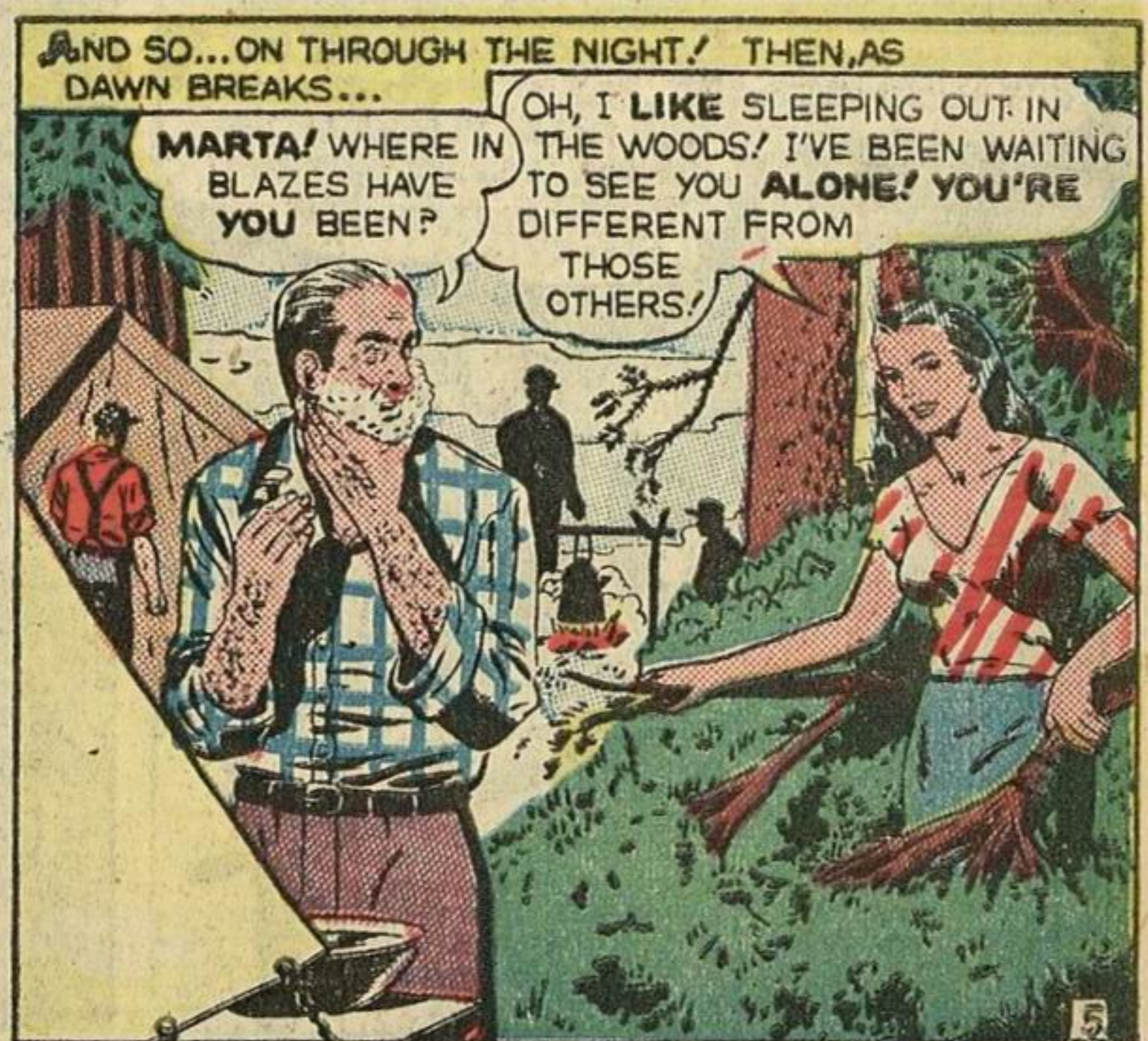
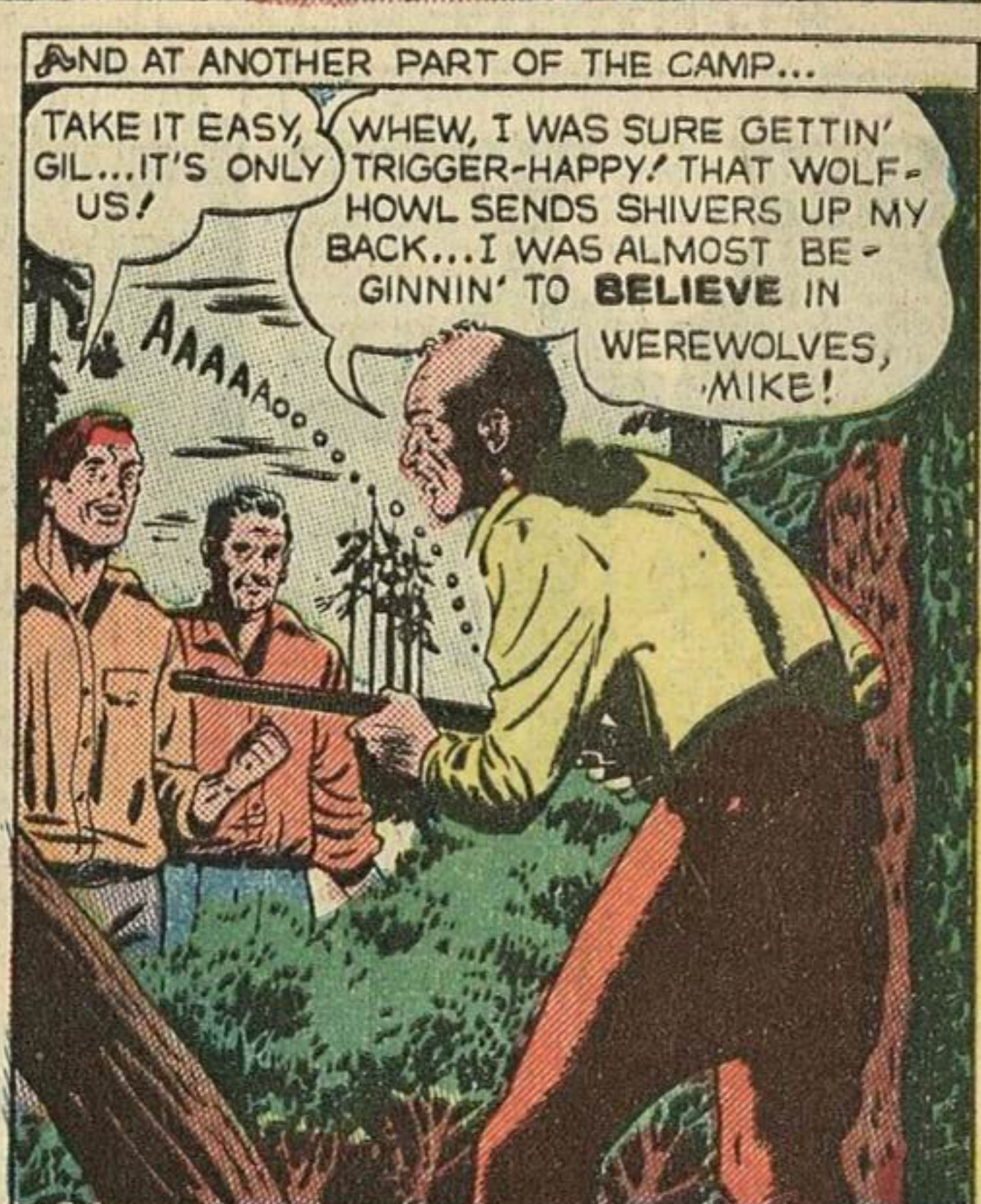
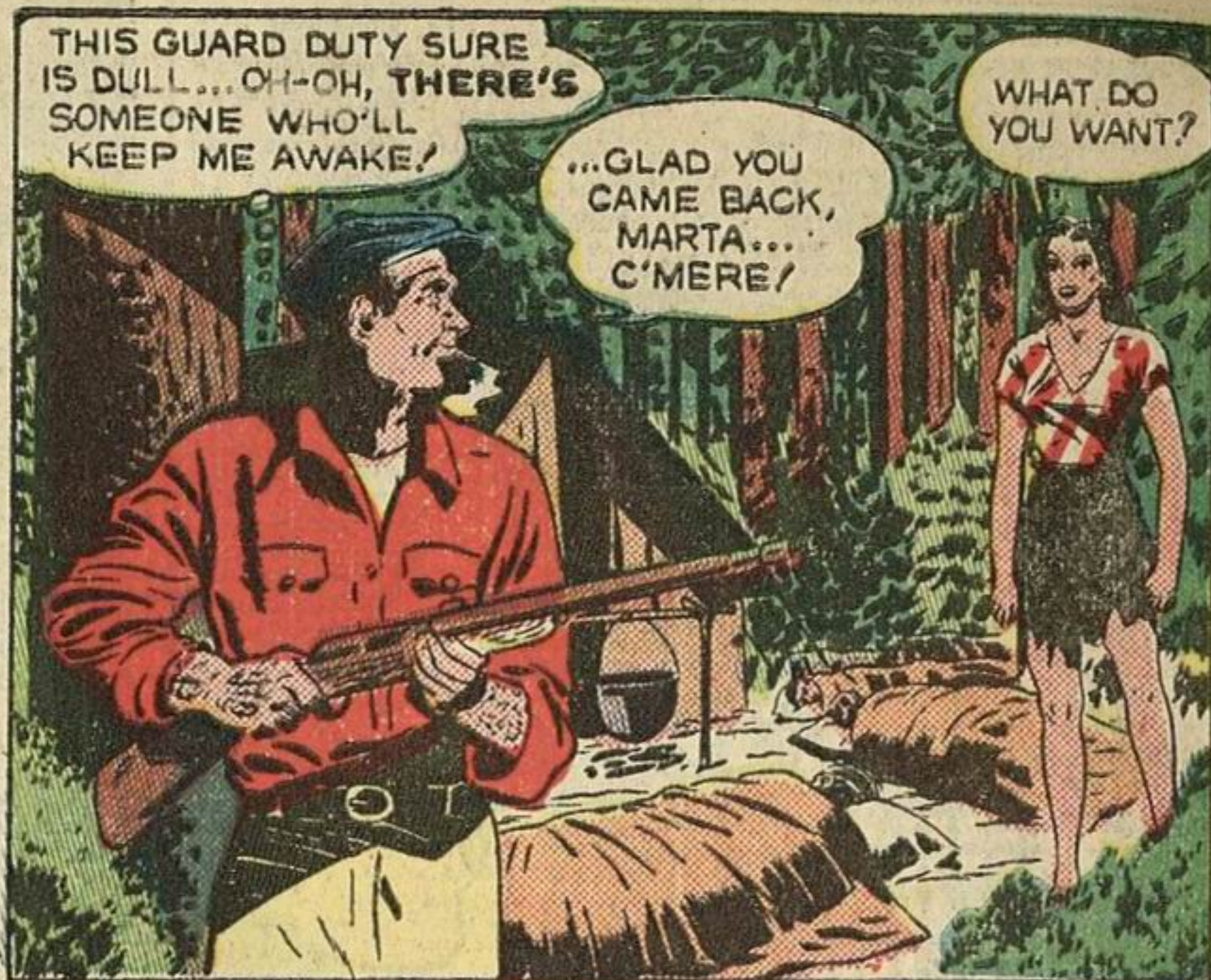
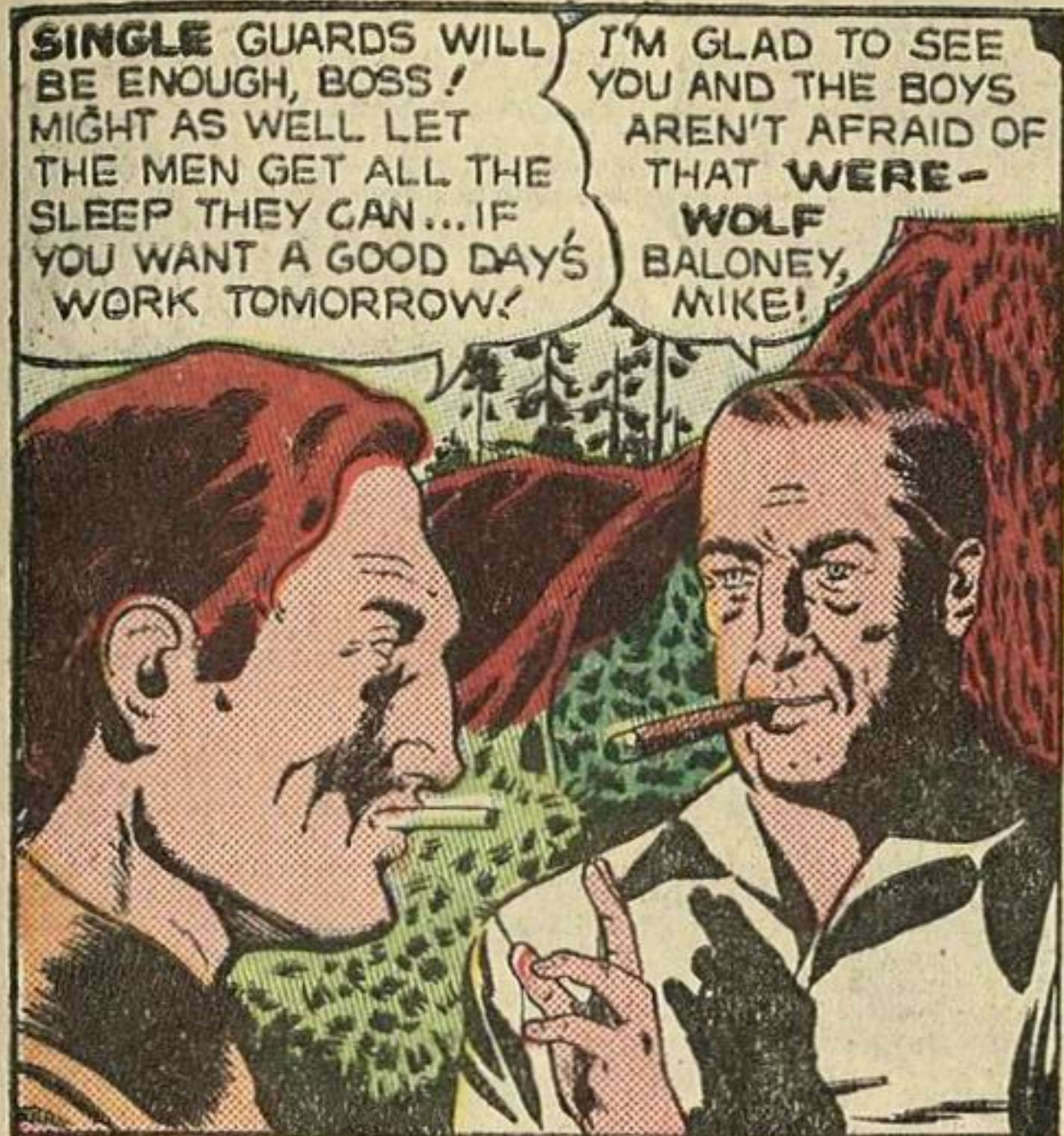














SORRY, SISTER, I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR ROMANCING...I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND SUPERVISE THE LOGGING CREWS! **MONEY** IS ALL I'LL HAVE ON MY MIND UNTIL THIS WHOLE VALLEY IS STRIPPED OF EVERY TREE!

THEN I...I'LL HELP! I'LL GO AROUND BRINGING HOT COFFEE TO THE CREWS IN THE FIELD...IT SHOULD MAKE THEM WORK **HARDER!**



KNOCK OF A COUPLA MINUTES FOR A QUICK SLUG OF JAVA, YOU LUGS?

COFFEE, BOYS?



AND AS THEY DRINK, UNAWARE...

MMM, SURE IS GOOD!



AND THEN...

GGAHRR!  
GARRRR



MINUTES LATER...IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST...

COFFEE, BOYS?



AND SO...ON THROUGH THE DAY! THEN, AS NIGHT FALLS...

AH, HERE THEY COME! MIKE SURE HAD 'EM OUT WORKING LATE...TILL AFTER DARK! AT THIS RATE, I'LL HAVE THE WHOLE VALLEY STRIPPED OF TREES IN RECORD TIME!



BUT WITH THE MEN...

EH? WHAT'D YOU DO... FIND A TAME WOLF, BOYS?





**SUDDENLY...**

WHA...!



YOU... YOU WERE A WOLF... AND NOW YOU'RE MARTA!

IT'S NO HALLUCINATION! THERE ARE SUCH CREATURES AS WEREWOLVES! I'M THE LEADER OF THE PACK IN WEREWOLF VALLEY... THE TRACT THAT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DEFOREST!



OKAY, I'M CONVINCED! SO YOU ARE A WEREWOLF... BUT YOU CAN'T HOPE TO STOP OVER A HUNDRED MEN ALL BY YOURSELF!... **GRAB HER, BOYS... BEFORE SHE CAN CHANGE BACK INTO A WOLF!**



WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU ALL STANDING AROUND FOR LIKE THAT... WHY ARE YOU ALL STARING AT ME? DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?... **GRAB HER!**

HA, HA... THEY DON'T TAKE ANY ORDERS FROM YOU ANYMORE... BUT FROM ME, THEIR **WEREWOLF LEADER!**



I, MYSELF, CHANGED MANY OF THEM BY MY OWN ATTACKS... AND EACH MAN THAT WAS BITTEN BECAME A WEREWOLF, THEN PREYED ON **OTHER** LOGGERS! IN THAT WAY, **EVERY ONE OF YOUR MEN** BECAME A WEREWOLF... AND THEY'RE ALL ON **MY** SIDE! WE'RE ALL DETERMINED TO KEEP THE VALLEY FROM BEING DEFORESTED... BECAUSE IF WE'RE FORCED OUT OF HERE TO PREY ON THE COUNTRY-SIDE, WE'LL BE WIPED OUT BY AN AROUSED NATION!



I... I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE ALL WEREWOLVES... I **WON'T** BELIEVE IT!

I KNOW WHAT **WILL** CONVINCE YOU!... **CHANGE, MY BRETHREN... INTO YOUR NEW FORMS!**





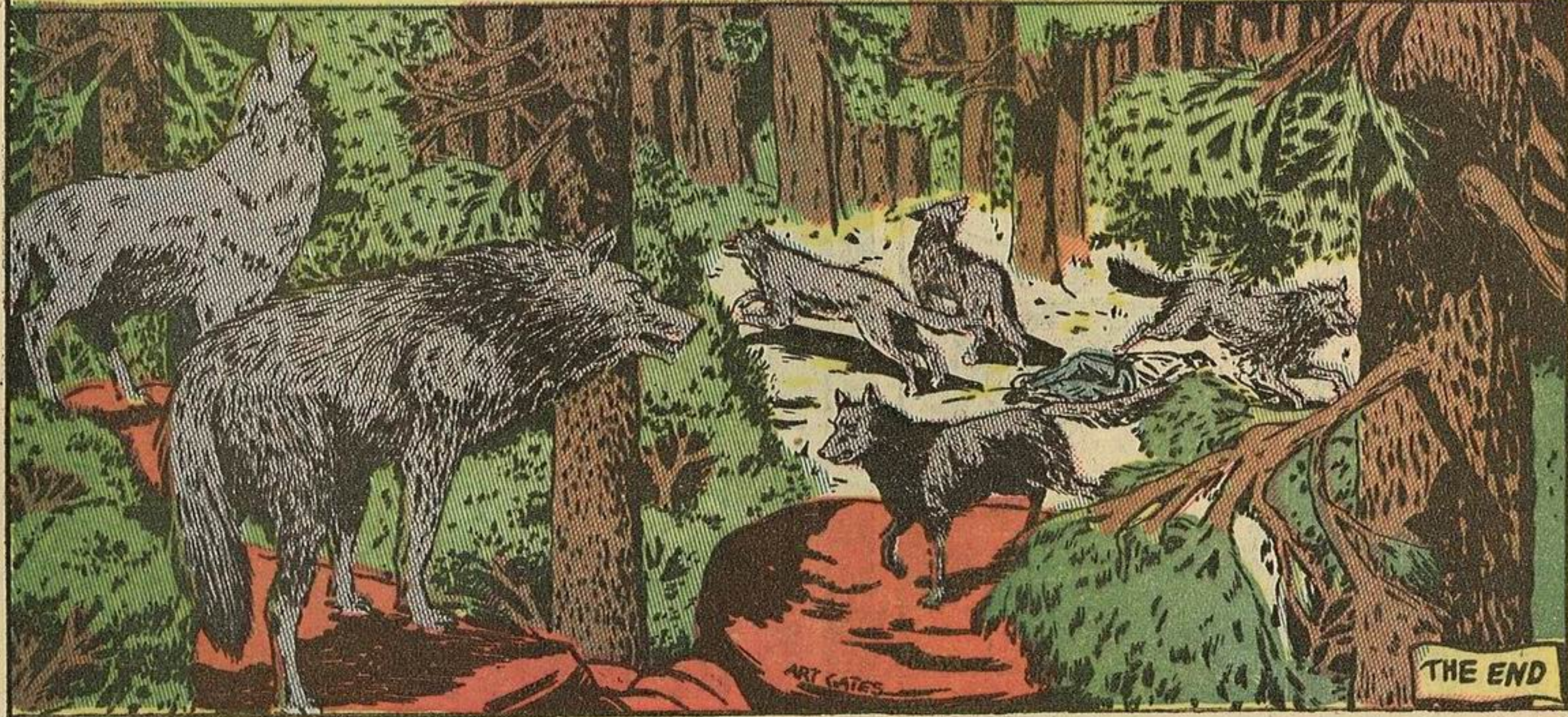
INSTANTLY, THROUGHOUT THE CIRCLE OF MEN...

GOOD GRIEF!

IT...IT'S UNBELIEVABLE...BUT TRUE! THEY...THEY'VE CHANGED INTO A PACK OF SNARLING WOLVES... THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO MY RIFLE IN TIME...



MINUTES LATER, AS THE WOLF-PACK BOUNDS OFF INTO THE FOREST, A TORN AND UNRECOGNIZABLE BODY IS LEFT BEHIND AS MUTE, GRISLY EVIDENCE THAT SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA, A SMALL POCKET OF LAND WILL CONTINUE TO EXIST AS IT ALWAYS HAS...AS **WEREWOLF VALLEY!**





# GHOSTS of HISTORY

## NAPOLEON and the CRIMSON SPIRIT

SURELY THE WEIRDEST SPECTER IN ALL ALLEGED HISTORY IS THE **CRIMSON SPIRIT**, WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ALL HIS SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES AND POWERS-- AND WHO EVENTUALLY STRIPPED THOSE POWERS FROM THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND LEFT HIM AS WEAK AND HELPLESS AS ANY ORDINARY MORTAL!

IN JULY, 1798, WHEN NAPOLEON WAS MARCHING ON CAIRO IN HIS GRANDIOSE SCHEME TO CONQUER ALL EGYPT...

I WILL SUBDUCE THE ENTIRE COUNTRY IN THREE WEEKS! **NOTHING** CAN STOP ME NOW-- THE **ENTIRE WORLD** WILL BE MINE!

SUDDENLY... A TERRIBLE APPARITION FROM OUT OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN!

MON DIEU--THE... THE **CRIMSON SPIRIT**!

I WARN YOU, NAPOLEON OF CORSICA-- STOP USING YOUR GREAT POWERS FOR EVIL ENDS-- SEEK **PEACE** INSTEAD OF CONQUEST! WITHDRAW FROM EGYPT-- OR I WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE **DEFEATED**!

YOUR THREATS ARE IDLE! I AM THE MASTER OF MY DESTINY-- AND I SAY THERE IS NO FORCE IN EGYPT THAT CAN DEFEAT ME!

NAPOLEON WAS RIGHT... FOR HE **DID** CONQUER EGYPT IN THREE WEEKS! BUT THE **CRIMSON SPIRIT** WAS ALSO RIGHT-- FOR ON AGUST 1ST, ADMIRAL NELSON DEFEATED THE FRENCH FLEET AT ABOUKIR, DEALING A DEATHBLOW TO NAPOLEON'S HOPES!

SACRÉ BLEU! THE ENGLISH SINK US ONE BY ONE-- AND WITHOUT THE FLEET TO PROTECT HIS SUPPLIES, NAPOLEON WILL HAVE TO FLEE FROM EGYPT!



YOU WIN **THIS** TIME, CRIMSON SPIRIT! I MUST WITHDRAW FROM EGYPT!-- BUT I **STILL** SAY I WILL CONQUER THE WORLD!



FOR ELEVEN YEARS, NAPOLEON FOLLOWED HIS MASTERFUL PLAN FOR THE CONQUEST OF EUROPE-- BUT THEN, ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM, IN 1809...



YOU AGAIN!

HEED MY WARNING, NAPOLEON! CEASE YOUR WARMAKING AND BRING PEACE TO EUROPE, OR I WILL WITHDRAW THE POWERS I ONCE GRANTED YOU-- POWERS THAT MADE YOU THE **GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD!**

I... I CAN'T AFFORD TO DEFY THE SPIRIT THIS TIME-- IF IT CAUSED MY DEFEAT IN EGYPT, IT CAN DEFEAT ME HERE IN AUSTRIA!

BUT ALL I AM TRYING TO DO IS BRING PEACE TO EUROPE! IF NOT FOR MY ARMIES, ALL THE NATIONS OF EUROPE WOULD BE BATTLING EACH OTHER IN CEASELESS WARFARE! GIVE ME BUT FOUR YEARS-- AND I ASSURE YOU I WILL BRING EVERLASTING PEACE TO THE CONTINENT!

VERY WELL-- I WILL GIVE YOU THIS LAST CHANCE! I WILL RETURN AGAIN ON JANUARY 11TH, 1814!



BUT FOUR YEARS LATER, NAPOLEON WAS STILL WAGING AGGRESSIVE WAR! AND ON JAN. 11TH, AS COUNT MOLE, THE FRENCH COUNSELLOR OF STATE, STOOD GUARD OUTSIDE OF NAPOLEON'S ROOM...

**HALT--** WHOEVER YOU ARE! THE EMPEROR WISHES TO SEE NO ONE TODAY!

AH, BUT I HAVE A LONG-STANDING APPOINTMENT WITH HIM!



**MON DIEU--** HE... HE WALKS RIGHT **THROUGH** THE WALL!





A man in a blue suit and glasses is running through a doorway, looking back over his shoulder. A large, red, tent-like structure is visible in the background.

WHO WAS THAT,  
YOUR EXCELLENCY?  
WHAT STRANGE  
POWERS DOES  
HE HOLD  
OVER YOU?

I SHALL GRANT YOUR WISH! BUT I WARN YOU, USE YOUR POWER ONLY FOR GOOD ENDS, AND NOT FOR EVIL -- OR ELSE I WILL APPEAR UNTO YOU, AND STRIP AWAY YOUR POWER AND GREATNESS!

YES, BUT NOW I WILL PROVE  
THAT I AM GREAT IN MY  
OWN RIGHT! I WILL DEFEAT  
THE SPIRIT BY ATTACKING  
THE ALLIES-- AND PROVE  
THAT I CAN WIN WITHOUT  
HIS HELP!

A comic book illustration showing a boy in a red shirt and yellow pants running through a forest, looking back over his shoulder. A large, pink, muscular figure is lying on the ground in the foreground. A speech bubble in the top right corner says "YOU WHAT".

A group of men on horseback and on foot, some carrying shields, are pursuing a man in a yellow cloak who is running away from them. A large wooden wheel lies on the ground in the foreground.

FONTAINBLEU -- AND WAS  
EMPEROR NO LONGER!

The End



EDITOR



**H**ELLO THERE, LOYAL fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"!

There were ever so many things that we wanted to talk over with you at this month's meeting, but they're going to have to hold over. And the reason for that is a subject so important that it won't wait. We've got to thresh it out with you here...and now!

As you know, "Adventures Into The Unknown" is the first magazine within the comics realm ever to specialize purely in the supernatural. It came into existence because your editor felt that readers would welcome a new magazine devoting itself exclusively to spine-tingling, expertly-devised tales of the imagination which delved into the strange, the eerie, the occult. For, in the final analysis, who doesn't like a rousing ghost yarn? And so this, *your* magazine, was created basing its hopes for continued existence on the guarantee of a quality product. We've done our utmost to live up to this guarantee...to bring you, month by month, the level best in story and art. Now, like any other quality product, we find ourselves besieged by imitators...hosts of them! This was to be expected, for success begets competition. And we welcome healthy and wholesome competition. However, too many new publications seem to have based their appeal on terror

alone...and this we regret. There's nothing undesirable in the thrill of a truly spooky story...if the story is of good quality and well written. This your editor will always insist on! But never shall we compromise with quality. We'll continue to do our utmost to thrill you...but always through the medium of good storytelling! This we feel you want...this we shall continue to bring you!

For a better understanding of our meaning, let's consider the current issue. "Haunt of the Hyena" is a fast-paced, startling story right out of the depths of the Unknown, with an intriguing plot you'll long remember. And for a truly novel treatment of a pulsing theme, there's "Werewolf Valley". "The Ghouls Behind The Glass" is an imaginative yarn that packs a potent punch...and "The Demon of the Deep" is the type of thrilling fare you've long sought. And for eerie midnight chills...for a strange and challenging story which rates laurels to its writer...what better than "The Thing Without A Face"?

In all, we think it's a bangup issue. But we want to know what you think! Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. As for the opinions of some of our other readers, take a look at the following letters!

*"Dear Editor:-*

*I enjoy the stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown' tremendously. However, I missed out on 'Ghostly Destroyer', 'Graveyard Wanderer', 'Curse of The Catacombs' and 'Beast From The Beyond'. Could you help me get them? My girl friend had the book in which they appeared and told me that they were wonderful, but she prized the book so much that she wouldn't even lend it to me... and it was sold out on the stands. I enjoyed 'Flight of the Dead', 'The Thing That Lived Again' and 'Shadow of The Wolf' very much. No doubt about it... yours is my favorite supernatural book! A loyal fan...*

*--E. Divornitski, Bronx, N. Y."*

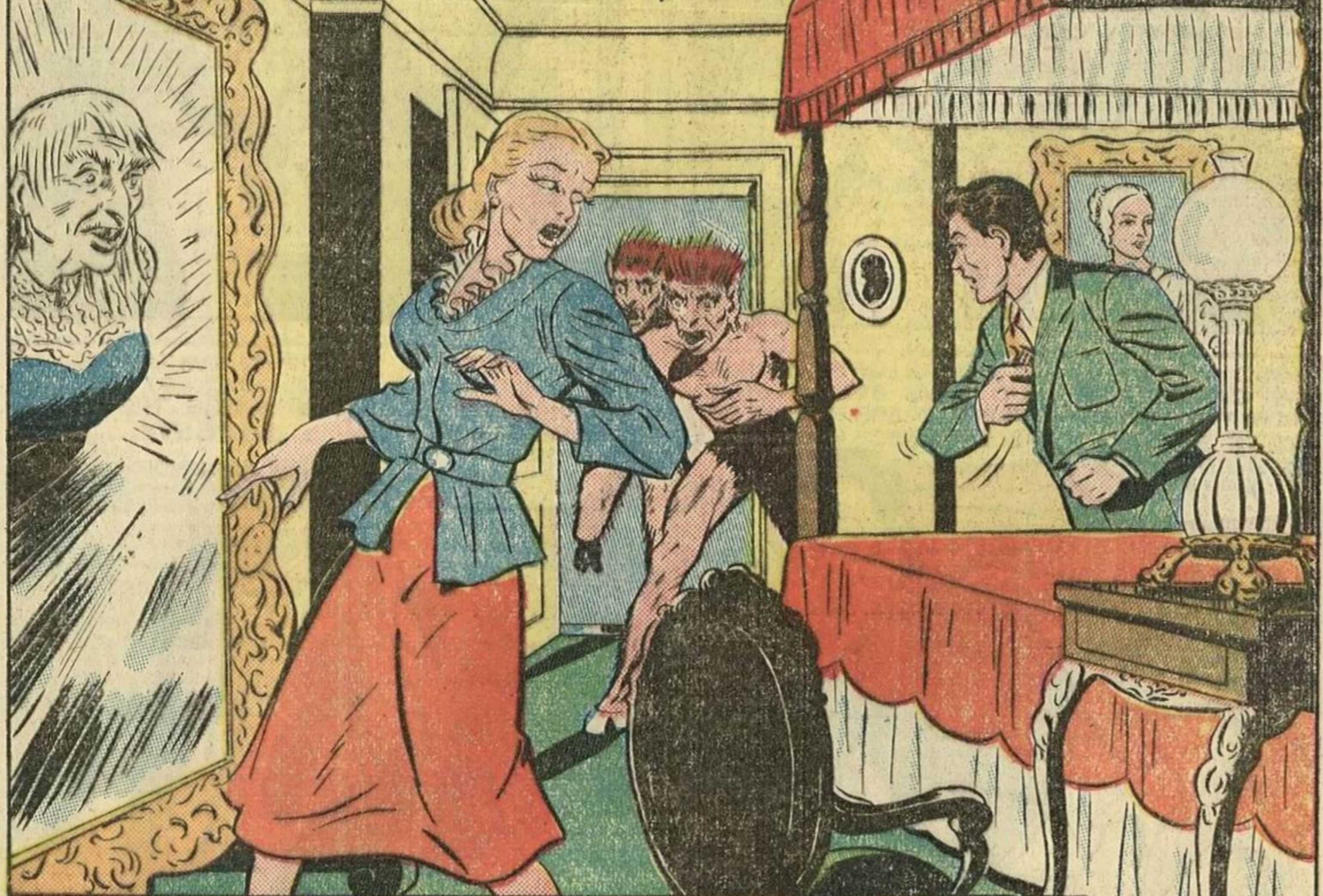
*"Dear Editor:-*

*I hope this is the right place to send fan mail, but I just had to tell you how much I enjoy 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. My favorite stories were 'The Phantom That Foretold', 'Ozark Witches' and 'Curse of The Catacombs'. I'd love to read some stories about Dracula or Frankenstein...but I still want to thank you for writing such wonderful, spooky stories as you've carried. Keep up the grand work!*

*--Rosemary Gutkoski, Wilkes Barre, Pa."*



# The GHOULS *behind the* GLASS



**COUNTESS FEENDA** HAD THE KIND OF FACE NOBODY COULD EVER FORGET -- ESPECIALLY THE FEW WHO WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LIVE -- AFTER CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF IT AT MIDNIGHT! HERS WAS A FATAL BEAUTY NO HUMAN COULD CLAIM -- AN ETERNAL YOUTH RENEWED IN A SACRIFICE OF TERROR -- A SECRET SHARED BY **THE GHOULS BEHIND THE GLASS!**

I SUPPOSE IT'S A SCREWBALL IMPULSE TO COME HERE AT NEARLY MIDNIGHT -- BUT I'M TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP! I WAS BOWLED OVER WHEN COUNTESS FEENDA PHONED, TELLING ME TO REPORT FOR WORK IN THE MORNING -- AND I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL **THEN** TO GET MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MANSION!



IMAGINE **ME** GETTING A SECRETARIAL JOB IN A PLACE LIKE THIS -- WHEN THE COUNTESS MENTIONED THAT OVER A HUNDRED GIRLS ANSWERED HER ADVERTISEMENT! CONSIDERING I ARRIVED IN TOWN JUST A WEEK AGO -- MAYBE IT'S BEGINNER'S LUCK!



SUDDENLY -- STIRRING FROM THE DARKNESS --

OH! WHO'S THAT?







TAKE IT EASY, HONEY! THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** YOU'LL RUN INTO AROUND HERE -- BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO GET PANICKY OVER AN ORDINARY HUMAN LIKE **ME**!

MAYBE NOT-- BUT WHAT ARE **YOU** PROWLING AROUND FOR?



ALL AT ONCE-- SHARP AS A RAZOR SLASHING THE VELVET NIGHT--

OH! THEY'RE COMING OUT-- THEY'RE COMING OUT!



GOOD HEAVENS-- SHE DARTED AWAY FROM THE WINDOW-- **AS IF SOMETHING'S AFTER HER!**

IF I'D FOLLOWED MY HUNCH, I'D HAVE BEEN **INSIDE**-- WHERE I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HELP HER! BUT COME ON-- **MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME!**



WAIT! DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO USE THE FRONT DOOR-- AND RING FOR COUNTLESS FEENDA?

SKIP IT! I'M TAKING THE QUICKEST WAY IN-- AND MAYBE THE **SAFEST!**



**NO! DON'T TAKE ME-- DON'T MAKE ME GO IN THERE!**

OH! THOSE **HIDEOUS THINGS!** WHAT ARE THEY?



THEY'RE **GONE!** BUT HOW CAN THEY BE-- JUST LIKE THAT?

HOLD IT! I CAN STILL HEAR FAINT SCREAMS-- THEY'RE FADING OFF FAST-- **BUT THEY'RE COMING FROM THAT CORNER!**

HELP! HELP!



NOPE-- THE WALL'S **SOLID!** IF IT'D BEEN THOSE CREEPS **ALONE**, I'D SAY THEY SIMPLY VANISHED-- BUT **SHE** COULDN'T HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

WAS IT SOME KIND OF HORRIBLE OPTICAL ILLUSION? OR ARE WE **CRAZY-- BOTH OF US?**



THEN-- RISING ABOVE THE MEASURED THUD OF  
HOBBLING FOOTSTEPS --

HAA!  
HA! HA!

DUCK -- AND DON'T  
MAKE A SOUND!

CLUMP!  
CLUMP!

ANOTHER ONE! AND NOT A SOUL  
AROUND TO HEAR HER SCREAMS --  
OR GUESS WHAT HER YOUTH  
WILL MEAN TO ME!

THEN--WRINKLED AND GNARLED BY  
AN AGELESS BURDEN OF EVIL--

HOW MANY MIDNIGHT SACRIFICES  
LIKE *THIS* CAN YOU REMEMBER,  
COUNTESS FEENDA-- HOW MANY  
MULTITUDES OF ANGUISHED YOUNG  
FACES? HOW FAR CAN YOUR  
MEMORY REACH--TOWARD  
FOREVER?

AS THE HUNCHED FORM TURNS-- HER  
VOICE TRAILING INTO THE GLOOM LIKE  
THE CREAKING OF A DEAD BRANCH--

SHE'S COUNTESS FEENDA? I WAS  
BUT THE COUNTESS WHO WONDERING  
PHONED THIS MORNING WHAT *YOU*  
TO TELL ME I'D BEEN WERE DOING  
ACCEPTED FOR THE HERE! SO  
SECRETARIAL JOB YOU'RE THE  
WAS A *YOUNG* *LATEST* GIRL  
WOMAN-- I SHE DECIDED  
COULD TELL TO HIRE, EH?  
FROM THE WAY  
SHE SPOKE!

I DON'T  
UNDER-  
STAND!  
YOU  
MEAN  
THERE  
HAVE  
BEEN  
*OTHERS?*

RIGHT! I WOULDN'T  
CARE TO GUESS HOW  
*MANY*-- BECAUSE I  
HAVEN'T KEPT TABS ON  
THE COUNTESS FOR  
LONGER THAN A MONTH!  
DURING THAT TIME, SHE'S  
HAD 15 SECRETARIES--  
AND *YOU'RE* THE ONLY  
ONE WHO'S DIFFERENT  
FROM THE REST!

HOW DO  
YOU  
MEAN?

WELL, IF TONIGHT WAS ANY  
INDICATION-- *THE OTHERS*  
*ARE DEAD!*

*THAT* FRIGHTENS  
ME-- MORE THAN  
ANYTHING ELSE I'VE  
SEEN OR HEARD!  
*WHO ARE*  
*YOU?*

SORRY TO GIVE YOU SUCH A JOLT,  
HONEY-- BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A  
CHANCE TO EXPLAIN SOONER! I'M  
BRUCE TRAYNOR-- *DETECTIVE*  
*ATTACHED TO THE MISSING*  
*PERSONS DIVISION!*





ALL OF THE MISSING GIRLS  
CAME FROM OUT OF TOWN--  
AND IT TOOK ME QUITE A  
WHILE TO ESTABLISH THAT  
EACH IN TURN TOOK A JOB  
WITH THE SAME PERSON--  
**COUNTESS FEENDA!**  
MIGHT HAVE BEEN A  
COINCIDENCE IF JUST ONE  
OR TWO DISAPPEARED-- BUT  
**FIFTEEN** MEANS FOUL  
PLAY-- AND MY GUESS  
IS THAT IT INVOLVES A  
FIENDISH FORM OF  
**BLACK MAGIC!**

I CAN THANK  
MY LUCKY  
STARS THAT  
SOMETHING  
PROMPTED  
ME TO DROP  
AROUND FOR  
A LOOK TONIGHT,  
**BECAUSE  
I'M NOT  
COMING  
BACK!**

BUT SUPPOSE THE COUNTESS BLAMES IT  
ALL ON A HAUNTED HOUSE? WE HAVEN'T  
A SHRED OF EVIDENCE THAT'LL LINK **HER**  
WITH THOSE MONSTERS-- AND THERE'LL  
BE NO CHANCE OF GETTING IT--  
**UNLESS YOU FOLLOW THROUGH!**



LOOK, HONEY-- I PROMISE I'LL  
BE HIDING IN THE CELLAR EVERY  
MOMENT YOU'RE THERE! I WON'T  
SHOW MYSELF UNLESS THERE'S  
AN OUT AND OUT EMERGENCY--  
BUT AT LEAST YOU WON'T HAVE  
THE FEELING OF BEING UP AGAINST  
HORROR  
**ALONE!**  
**WHAT  
ABOUT  
IT?**

ALL RIGHT, BRUCE!  
I'M NOT EVEN  
SURE I'LL BE ABLE  
TO FACE HER-- BUT  
**I'LL TAKE A  
CHANCE!**

**NEXT MORNING--**



THAT CAN'T BE **HER**-- AND  
YET THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT THOSE EYES THAT  
REMIND ME OF THE ONES  
I SAW LAST NIGHT--  
**STARING INTO THE  
MIRROR!**



I--I  
MEANT  
TO ASK!  
HAVE  
YOU A  
MOTHER  
OR AN  
AUNT  
LIVING  
HERE--  
ARE  
THERE  
**TWO**  
COUNTESSSES?

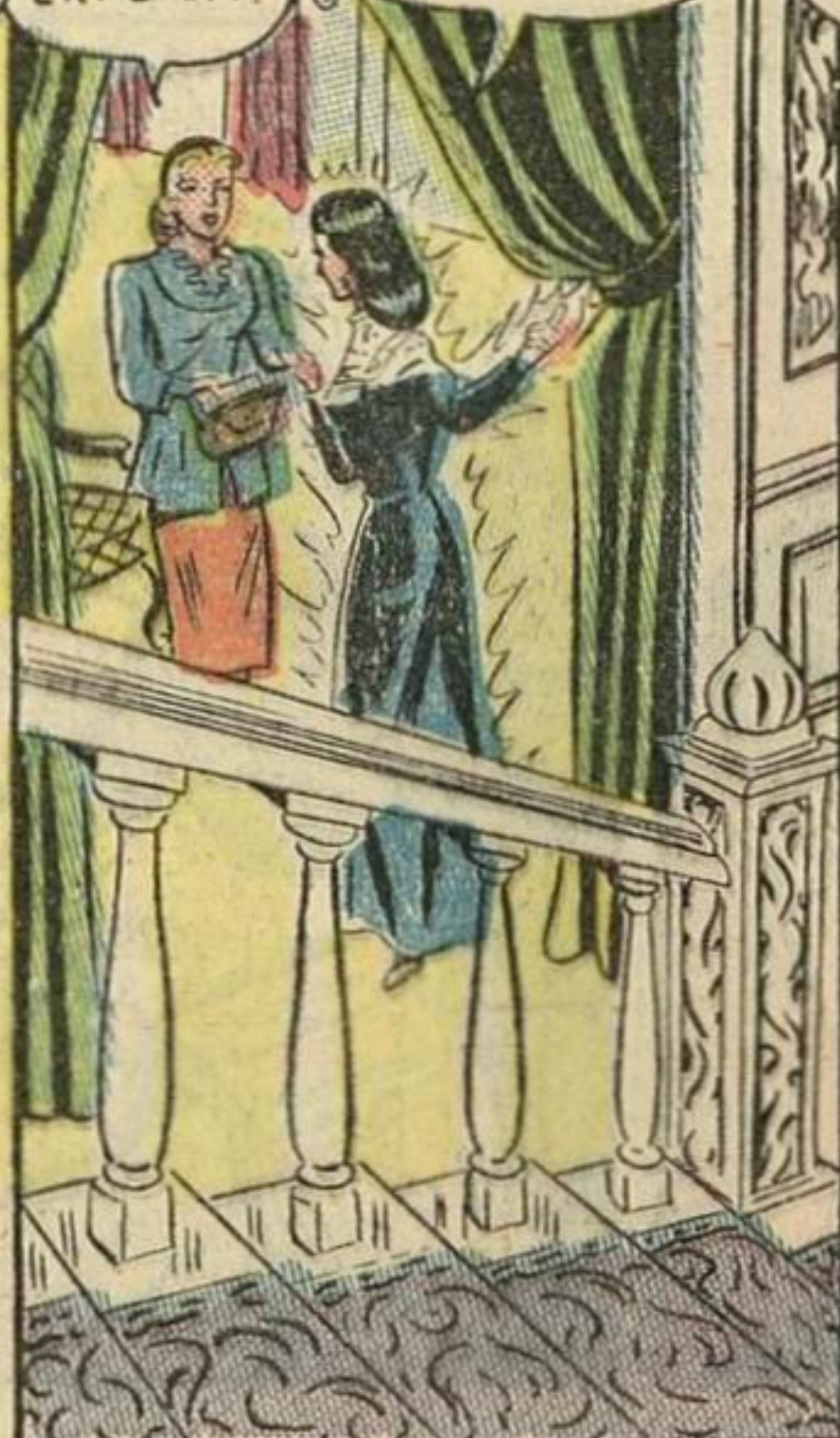
NATURALLY NOT! I  
ASSUME YOU WILL TAKE  
THE JOB-- AND I EX-  
PECT YOU TO COMPLY  
WITH TWO OF MY WHIMS!  
FIRST, YOU UNDOUBTEDLY  
HAVE A COMPACT IN  
YOUR HANDBAG--  
**I WANT IT!**

VERY WELL,  
COUNTESS--  
BUT I  
WISH  
YOU'D  
EXPLAIN!

I **SAID** IT  
WAS A WHIM!  
NOW-- DO YOU  
WISH TO SEE  
YOUR ROOM?

GOOD HEAVENS--  
IT'S THE SAME  
ROOM THAT GIRL  
DISAPPEARED  
FROM LAST  
NIGHT!

THE FURNISHINGS  
MAY SEEM SOME-  
WHAT GLOOMY-- BUT  
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE  
QUITE COMFORTABLE!  
AND **THAT** BRINGS  
ME TO MY **SECOND**  
CONDITION!

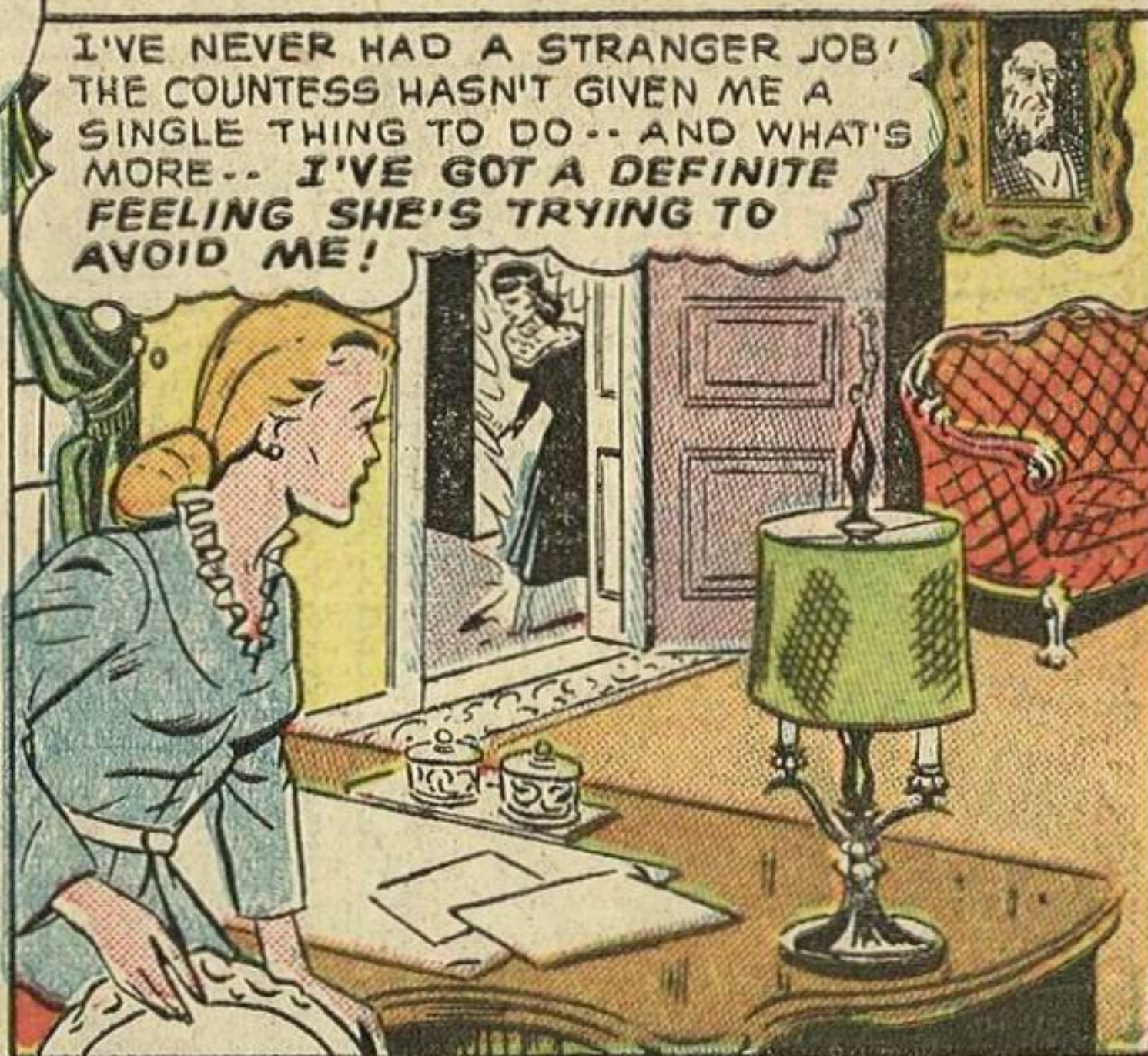






I EXPECT YOU TO RETIRE  
AT A **DEFINITE TIME**--  
WITHOUT FAIL! YOU CAN  
PASS THE EVENING AS  
YOU WISH-- BUT  
REMEMBER-- **YOU**  
**MUST PREPARE**  
**TO GO TO BED**  
**PRECISELY AT**  
**MIDNIGHT!**

AS THE AFTERNOON WEARS ON--



I'VE NEVER HAD A STRANGER JOB!  
THE COUNTESS HASN'T GIVEN ME A  
SINGLE THING TO DO-- AND WHAT'S  
MORE-- I'VE GOT A **DEFINITE**  
**FEELING SHE'S TRYING TO**  
**AVOID ME!**



WHY DOES SHE FLIT PAST LIKE  
THAT-- WITHOUT A WORD OR A  
GLANCE? AND DOES SHE JUST  
**SEEM** TO HAVE WRINKLES  
THAT WEREN'T THERE THIS  
MORNING-- OR IS SHE  
ACTUALLY **OLDER?**



MAYBE SHE **IS** MIDDLE-AGED  
-- MAYBE HER MAKEUP WEARS  
OFF DURING THE COURSE OF  
THE DAY! BUT **THAT** CAN'T BE  
IT-- BECAUSE IF SHE **DOES**  
USE MAKEUP-- WHY WOULD  
SHE MAKE **ME** GIVE UP  
MY COMPACT?



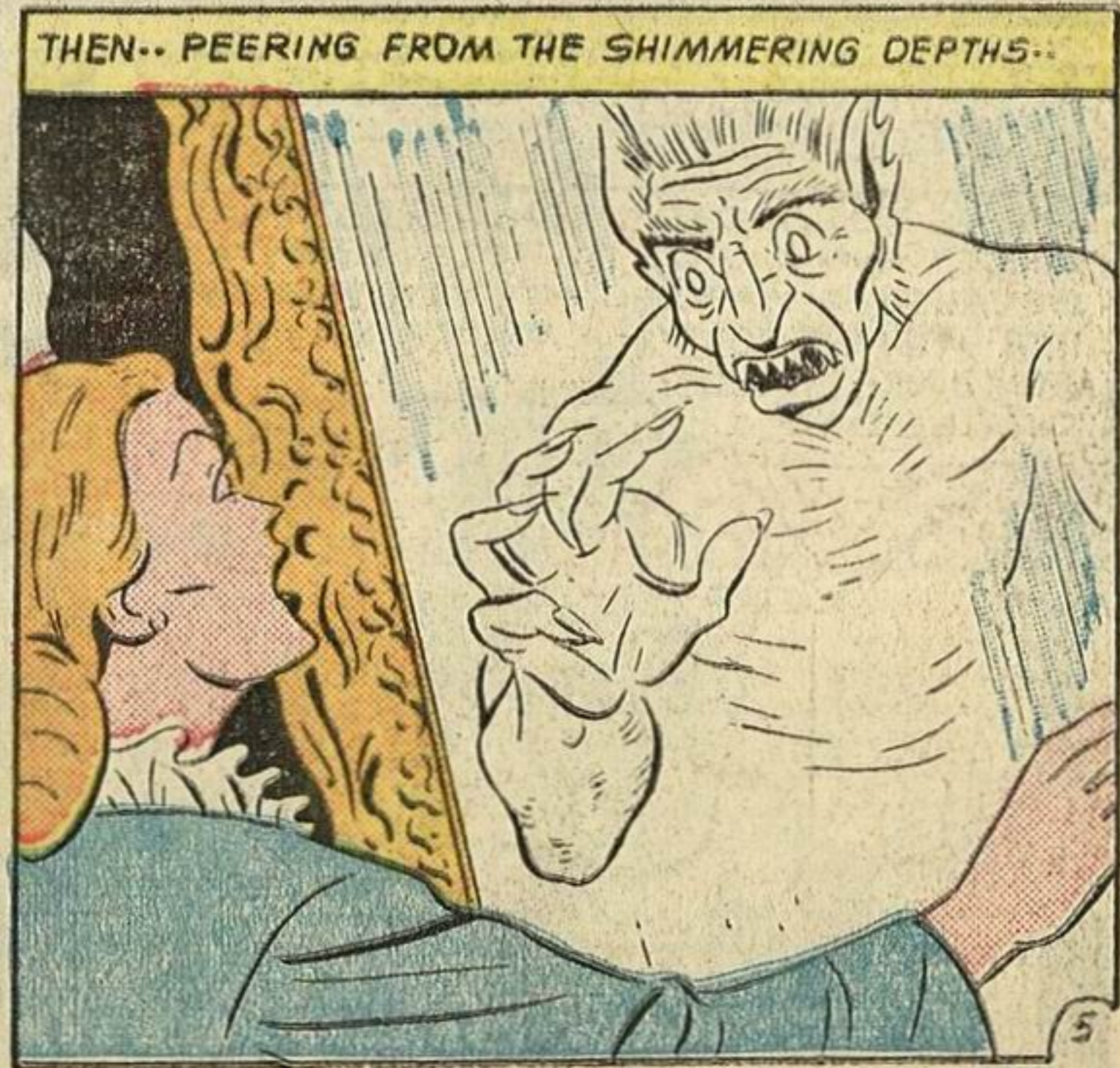
THAT NIGHT--

IT'S GETTING NEAR THE  
COUNTESS'S DEADLINE--  
AND MUCH AS I DREAD  
IT-- I'D BETTER GET TO  
MY ROOM! EVEN IF IT  
MEANS LYING AWAKE  
ALL NIGHT-- I PROMISED  
BRUCE I'D GO THROUGH  
WITH IT!



AT THE STROKE OF  
TWELVE --

THAT'S STRANGE-- I CAN'T  
SEE MY REFLECTION IN THE  
GLASS! THERE'S JUST A  
HAZY SMUDGE-- AND  
**IT'S BEGINNING**  
**TO GLOW!**



THEN-- PEERING FROM THE SHIMMERING DEPTHS--



AS JILL WHIRLS IN TERROR--

IT'S ONE OF THOSE HIDEOUS THINGS THAT GRABBED THE GIRL-- AND TONIGHT-- **THEY'RE AFTER ME!**

**CRASH!**



**NOW I KNOW WHERE SHE VANISHED-- INTO THEIR LURKING PLACE--THE MIRROR! HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT'LL HAPPEN NOW-- BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND BRUCE!**



**BRUCE--THANK GOODNESS YOU KEPT YOUR WORD! I SAW ONE OF THE FIENDS-- IT STARTED TO COME OUT AFTER ME-- FROM THE MIRROR!**

**TAKE IT EASY, JILL-- I WANT YOU TO START FROM THE BEGINNING-- AND TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TODAY!**



**AFTER JILL EXPLAINS--**

IT'S PRETTY CLEAR, JILL--THE COUNTESS'S TWO "WHIMS" HAD A SINGLE UGLY PURPOSE! WITHOUT A COMPACT, YOU'D HAVE TO USE THAT MIRROR IN YOUR ROOM-- AT EXACTLY THE MOMENT WHEN THE GHOULS ARE ABLE TO EMERGE-- **MIDNIGHT!** BUT LUCKILY FOR YOU-- THEY HAD TO **STAY** IN THE MIRROR WHEN IT WAS TIPPED OVER!

**BRUCE-- I CAN'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER NIGHT! THIS** OUGHT TO GIVE YOU THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED-- CAN'T YOU ARREST THE COUNTESS AND GET IT OVER WITH?

**BUT, HONEY-- WHERE'S THE PROOF? AND IF THE COUNTESS IS THE CREEP WE SUSPECT SHE IS--WHAT JAIL COULD HOLD HER? I'M AFRAID WE'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING FAR MORE DRASTIC-- AND AS A FIRST STEP-- LET'S SNEAK UPSTAIRS AND LOOK AROUND!**



**SOON AFTERWARD-- AS A STRANGE VOICE DRONES THROUGH THE GLOOM --**

THAT IS COUNTESS FEENDA, **SHHH!** LISTEN-- **BRUCE!** AND I KNOW IT-- LET'S TRY TO CATCH WHAT SHE'S MUTTERING ABOUT! BECAUSE I WATCHED HER **AGING** HOUR AFTER HOUR--THROUGH-OUT THE DAY!



**LUCK--LUCK-- THAT'S WHAT SAVED HER!** I'LL STAY HERE IN MY ROOM TOMORROW SO SHE WON'T SEE ME AS I REALLY AM! I'LL TELL HER SHE NEEDN'T FEAR THE FIENDS-- BECAUSE **THEY'RE AFTER ME!** IF I PRE-TEND I'M TERRIFIED, SHE WON'T LEAVE-- SHE'LL BE HERE **TOMORROW MIDNIGHT! IT MUST BE--** BECAUSE IF I SPEND **TWO** NIGHTS WITHOUT A NEW VICTIM TO RESTORE THE YOUTH I SHOW BY DAY-- **MY EVIL DESTINY IS DOOMED!**





SO THAT'S HOW THOSE GIRLS  
DISAPPEARED! ONCE THE  
FIENDS SEIZED THEM--THEIR  
YOUTH GAVE THE COUNTESS  
A TEMPORARY REPRIEVE  
FROM OLD AGE! BUT  
HEAVENS, BRUCE--IF SHE'S  
NEEDED A NEW VICTIM AT  
LEAST EVERY TWO NIGHTS--  
HOW MANY **THOUSANDS**  
OF GIRLS HAS SHE  
PREYED ON OVER  
THE CENTURIES?

WHAT I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT IS THAT SHE  
MAY SUSPECT YOU'VE  
GUESSED HER SECRET!  
IN THAT CASE-- SHE'LL  
HAVE NO TROUBLE  
MOVING HER CURSED  
MIRROR TO ANOTHER  
TOWN BY TOMORROW  
NIGHT-- **IN TIME TO  
TRAP  
ANOTHER  
GIRL!**

OFFHAND, I CAN THINK  
OF ONLY ONE WAY TO  
PREVENT IT-- **AND  
THIS IS IT!**



THEN-- AS THE JAGGED FRAGMENTS RING  
AGAINST THE FLOOR--



YE GODS-- BREAKING  
THE GLASS MEANT  
LIBERATING THE  
FIENDS!

A SCANT YARD AHEAD OF THE  
SCUTTling DEMONS--



GOOD THING WE  
DIDN'T HEAD FOR  
THE DOOR, HONEY--  
**BECAUSE WE  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
MADE IT!**

THEY'RE TURNING  
BACK, JILL! I HAVE  
A HUNCH THEY CAN'T  
STRAY **TOO** FAR  
FROM THE MIRROR--  
BECAUSE IF THEY  
**COULD**-- IT  
WOULDN'T BE  
NECESSARY FOR  
THE COUNTESS  
TO BRING  
VICTIMS TO  
**THEM!**

BUT THE  
MIRROR'S  
**BROKEN.**  
BRUCE--  
HOW CAN IT  
PROVIDE A  
REFUGE FOR  
THEM  
**NOW?**

IN THE NEXT INSTANT--WITH A  
TINKLE OF FLYING GLASS--

GREAT GUNS--THERE'S  
YOUR ANSWER, JILL! NOW  
THAT THE FIENDS ARE BACK  
INSIDE THE FRAME-- **THE  
MIRROR'S INTACT AGAIN!**

HONEY, I KNOW  
THIS HAS BEEN  
A PRETTY TOUGH  
ORDEAL FOR YOU  
BUT IF I TELL  
YOU I'VE GOT A  
PLAN THAT'S  
ALMOST SURE  
TO WORK--

I--I GUESS THERE'S  
NO CHOICE, BRUCE!  
AS YOU POINTED  
OUT, THE COUNTESS  
WILL GET SUSPICIOUS  
IF I **DON'T** STAY--  
SHE'LL DISAPPEAR  
WITH THE MIRROR--  
AND WE WON'T HAVE  
A CHANCE TO DO  
**ANYTHING!**

**WILL YOU BE  
WILLING TO  
GO THROUGH AN-  
OTHER NIGHT HERE?**





THE FOLLOWING NIGHT--

AAH... I'M FEELING FEEBLER THAN I EXPECTED-- BUT **THAT** WILL CHANGE VERY SOON! SHE'LL BE STANDING BEFORE THE MIRROR AGAIN AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT-- AND AS SOON AS THE FIENDS SEIZE HER -- **I'LL FEEL A NEW SURGE OF YOUTH!**



OHH! STOP-- STOP-- LET ME GO!

BONG! BONG!



THAT'S IT! **SCREAM--** LET THE OLD HAG THINK THE FIENDS HAVE DRAGGED YOU INTO THE MIRROR!

AS THE LAST NOTE OF MIDNIGHT FADES INTO THE SHADOWS--

HEH HEH! NOW LOOK AT YOURSELF, COUNTLESS FEENDA -- WATCH THE GLOWING FLUSH OF BEAUTY SPREAD OVER YOUR FEATURES-- **AGAIN--** AS IT HAS FOR **CENTURIES!**



THEN-- WITH A VIOLENCE THAT MAKES THE MIRROR SWAY AND CREAK--

FACES! HUNDREDS OF THEM, SHIFTING AND FADING-- THE FACES OF THE GIRLS I DOOMED!



AGAIN THE MIRROR SHATTERS-- AND **THIS TIME--**

AAGHHH!

CRACK!

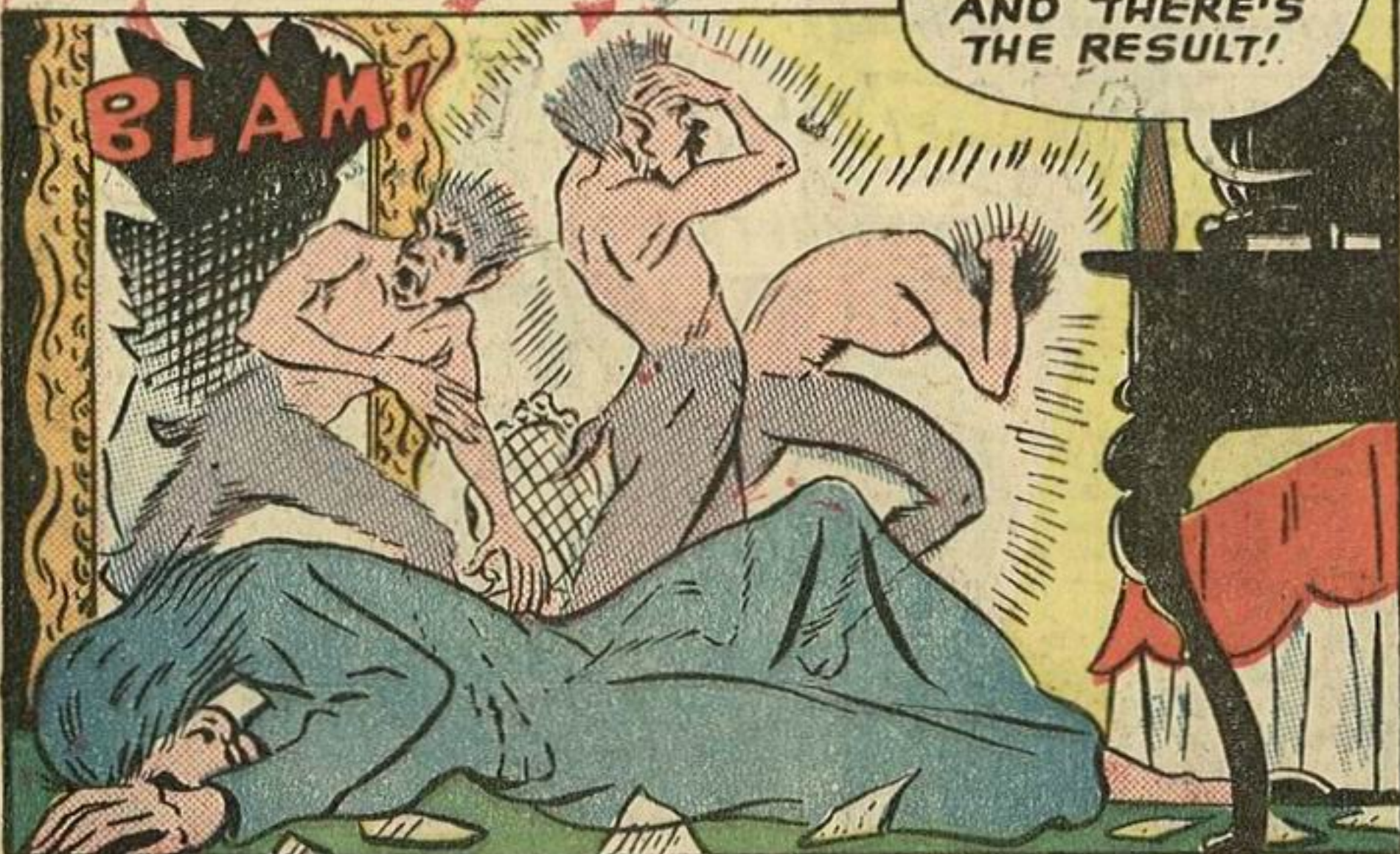


AS A SEARING FLASH DISINTEGRATES THE COUNTLESS WRITHING BODY--

THAT'S IT, JILL! MIDNIGHT PASSED WITHOUT A VICTIM-- AND **THERE'S THE RESULT!**

BRUCE, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO THINK OF IT BEFORE-- BUT I **KNOW** I COULDN'T HAVE GONE THROUGH ALL THIS-- WITHOUT YOU!

I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT, HONEY-- BECAUSE THE **NEXT TIME** YOU LOOK INTO A MIRROR-- I WANT YOU TO BE GETTING READY FOR A DATE WITH **ME!**



The End



# The DEMON of the DEEP

YOU MEAN WE CAN'T FIND A BOAT **ANYWHERE** TO TAKE US AROUND THE BAY FOR A FEW HOURS? THIS PLACE IS RIGHT ON THE SEA--- HOW COME THERE AREN'T ANY VESSELS PUTTING OUT?

YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT THIS TOWN! THERE ARE OTHERS ALONG THE COAST... CROWDED WITH WHITE SAILS... FREE FROM FEAR... WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME HERE?

WHAT IS THE SECRET TERROR THAT OVERHANGS A SMALL MEDITERRANEAN VILLAGE? THE LIVING KNOW, BUT FEAR TO SPEAK... AND WHEN THE **DEAD** SPEAK... THEIR SOULS BELONG TO **The DEMON of the DEEP!**

WHY NOT? THESE WATERS ARE RELATIVELY SHALLOW... MAKING IT JUST THE SPOT FOR THE SPORT WE'RE INTERESTED IN... UNDERWATER FISHING WITH OXYGEN MASKS AND SPEAR GUNS!

LOOK, KEN! THERE'S A BOAT NOW... **BUT IT'S COVERED WITH BLACK BUNTING!**

TWO OF OUR SAILORS WERE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO LEAVE PORT LAST NIGHT! THERE IS THEIR SHIP... THOSE ARE THEIR MOURNING WIVES AND FRIENDS!

YOU MEAN THEY **DROWNED?** BUT THE SEA WAS CALM LAST NIGHT... THE SHIP'S INTACT... HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED?

**THE DEMON OF THE DEEP!** SO OFF IF YOU WILL... BUT FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR SOULS... **STAY AWAY FROM THE SEA!**







KEN...LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE THAT MAKES ME SHIVER!

JUST BECAUSE TWO MEN WHO WERE EXPERT SWIMMERS SINCE CHILDHOOD VANISHED FROM AN UNDAMAGED VESSEL...WITH THE SEA QUIET AS A MILL-POND? SURE, IT SEEMS WEIRD...AND THAT'S WHY I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!



HOURS LATER...WITH THE FOAMING RUSH OF THE SEA SOUNDING IN THE DISTANCE...BRENDA TOSSES THROUGH A HAUNTING NIGHTMARE!

I CAN SEE TWO BODIES...THEY'RE PITCHING...PITCHING ON THE MOONLIT WAVES!

AND LIKE A MOURNER AT A WAKE...A LONELY GULL SEEMS TO TAKE UP THE WELLING CHANT OF THE SEA!



THE DEMON OF THE DEEP!



AT THE INSTANT BRENDA AWAKENS...

KEN! HURRY... HURRY!

GREAT GUNS! IT'S BRENDA...AND SHE SOUNDS AS IF SHE'S SCARED OUT OF HER WITS!



LOOK! WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

THOSE ARE TWO INTERESTING QUESTIONS, BABY... AND I'D BETTER GET THE ANSWERS FAST!



WE MEANT NO HARM, SIGNORI! WE HAVE HEARD AT SEA THAT YOU WANT A BOAT!

WE KNOW THE SHIFTING TIDES AND THE STILL CURRENTS OF THE NIGHT! WE ARE READY TO SAIL!





I KNEW THAT SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP** WAS A LOT OF NONSENSE, HONEY! THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT---JUST WHAT WE NEED FOR A LOOK AROUND THE BAY!

I---I CAN'T SAY I'M WILD ABOUT THE IDEA, KEN---BUT IF YOU THINK IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT---



WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE WATERFRONT IN A FEW MINUTES! WHAT'S THE NAME OF YOUR SHIP?

**THE BIANCA!**  
WE WILL BE WAITING!



A MOMENT LATER---

KEN---HERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE! THE CLOTHES THOSE MEN WERE WEARING DIDN'T APPEAR TO BE WET---BUT LOOK AT THESE DAMP SPOTS---EXACTLY WHERE THEY WERE STANDING!

SAILORS ARE BOUND TO GET WET, BRENDA! DIDN'T THEY SAY THEY JUST CAME IN FROM THE SEA---AND THAT THEIR SHIPS WAITING?



GOOD HEAVENS---DO YOU REMEMBER THE NAME OF THEIR SHIP? IT'S THE **BIANCA**---THE VERY CRAFT WE SAW AT THE WHARF TODAY---**DRAPED IN BLACK FOR THE TWO SAILORS WHO DROWNED AT SEA!**



THAT'S WHY THEY SPOKE SO ODDLY ABOUT TIDES AND CURRENTS! THEY'VE BEEN FLOATING OUT THERE---JUST AS I DREAMED THEY WERE---**TWO DEAD MEN WHO LEFT THE SEA TO LOOK FOR US!**

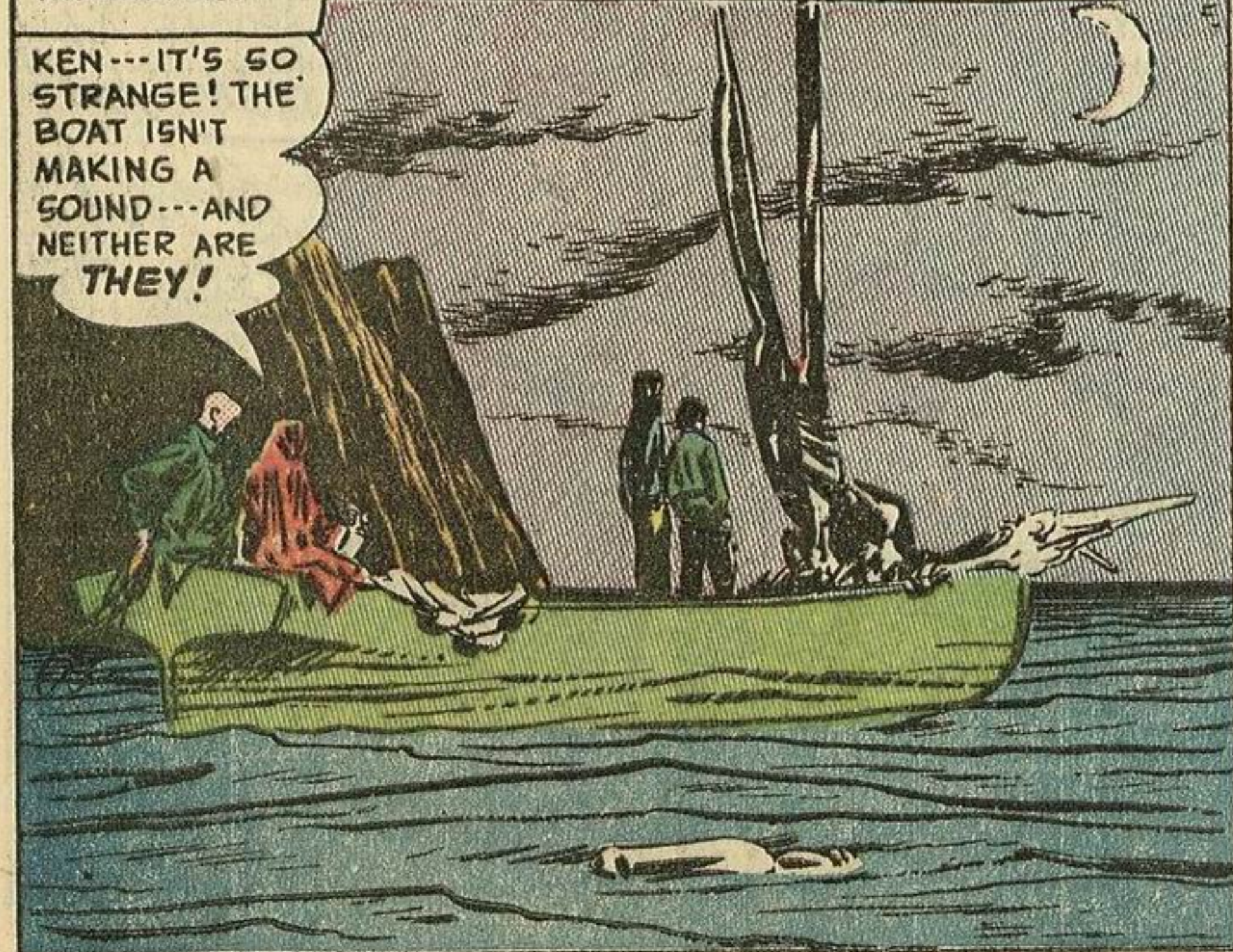


IT'S A TOUGH THING TO FACE, BRENDA---BUT SHOULDN'T WE LEARN WHY? LET'S WEAR OUR SWIM-SUITS UNDER OUR CLOTHES---AND TAKE ALONG THE OXYGEN MASKS! THAT WAY, WE CAN JUMP OVERBOARD IF WE HAVE TO---BUT WE'LL LEARN ONCE AND FOR ALL ABOUT THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP!**



SOON AFTERWARD---GLIDING LIKE A GHOST IN THE BURNISHED MOONLIGHT---

KEN---IT'S SO STRANGE! THE BOAT ISN'T MAKING A SOUND---AND NEITHER ARE THEY!



THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE! WHETHER DEAD OR ALIVE---SAILORS AREN'T IN THE HABIT OF TALKING MUCH!

NOT EVEN TO ASK WHERE WE'RE GOING? WHY WOULDN'T THEY, KEN---UNLESS THEY KNOW WHERE THEY'RE TAKING US?





**A** MILE BEYOND...

I DON'T LIKE THIS! WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD THAT WEIRD, GLOWING HAZE RISING FROM THE WATER!

MAYBE WE'D BETTER SLIP A STERN JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE...AND LET THE SHIP TOW US!

**M**INUTES LATER...

THAT LUMINOUS MIST MEANS **SOMETHING**, BRENDA... BECAUSE THE SHIP'S SLOWENING SPEED!

THERE'S WHAT'S CAUSING THE GLOW! LOOK...LOOK...THEY'RE FLOATING TOWARD THE SURFACE!

**I**NCH BY INCH...RISING LIKE HUGE PEARLY BUBBLES FROM THE GLEAMING DEPTHS...

**A**S THE SHIMMERING SPHERES REACH THE SURFACE...

GOOD LORD, KEN...WHAT'S INSIDE THEM?

DEMON OF THE DEEP... WE HAVE BROUGHT TWO HUMANS TO TAKE OUR PLACE BELOW!

KEEP YOUR PROMISE... AND RELEASE OUR SOULS!

**A**S THE BUBBLE DISSOLVES IN A FLASH...

WE LURED THEM ABOARD... WE SINGLED THEM OUT FOR YOU!

BELIEVE US...AND BE MERCIFUL!

WHERE ARE THESE HUMANS? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE MY CURSE WITH A TRICK LIKE THIS?

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN YOUR ANCESTORS DROWNED ME AS A WIZARD WITH AN ANCHOR AROUND MY NECK...WHO SHOWED MERCY THEN? I MADE A VOW THAT THOSE WHO MOCK ME SHALL **DROWN**...AND BECOME THINGS LIKE THEM!





IMPS OF THE DEEP... RISE! THEY BELONG TO US!

AAAGH!



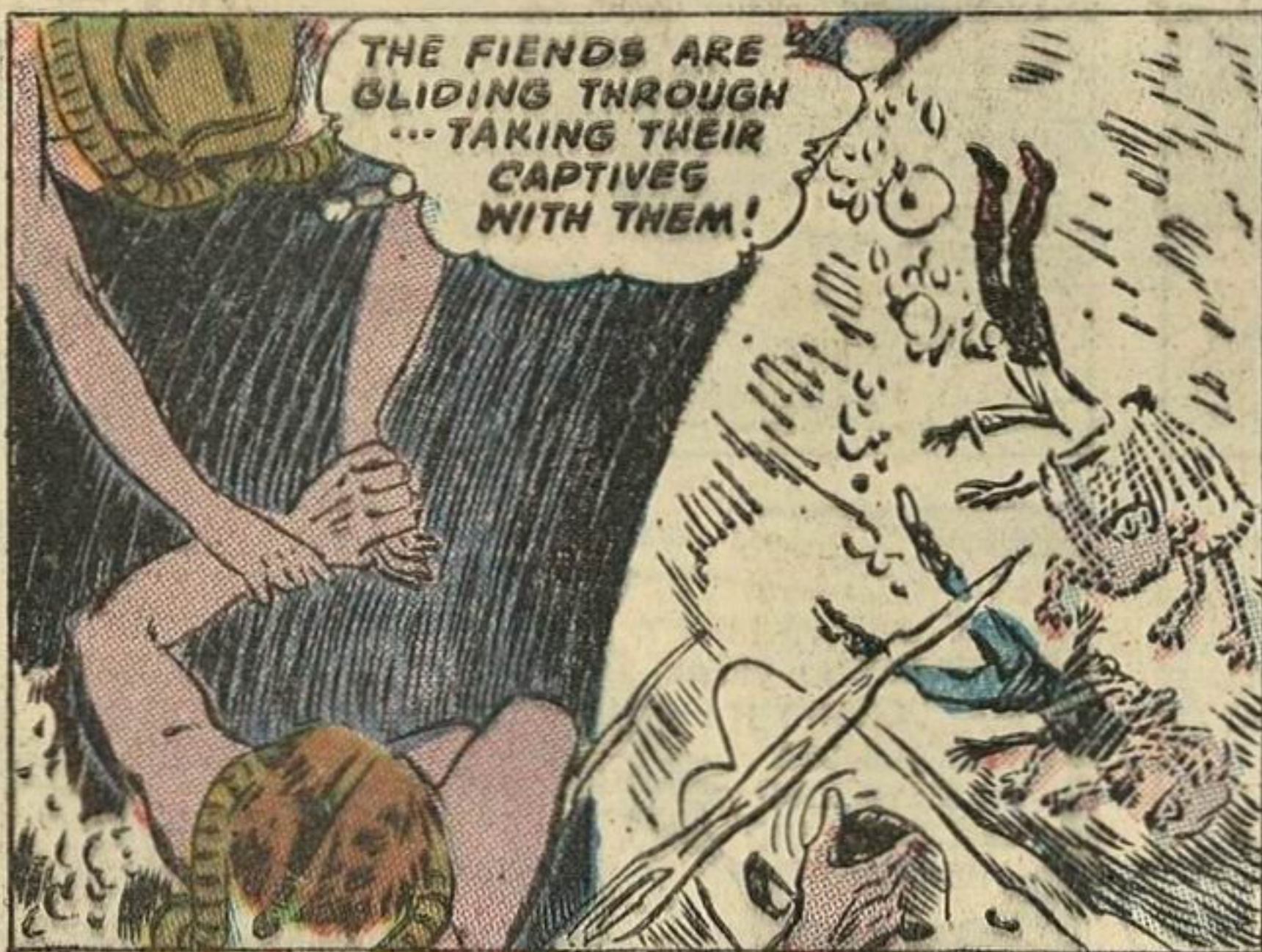
GOOD HEAVENS... THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS ARE RETURNING TO THE DEPTHS... WITH THE CORPSES!

HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO USE THE OXYGEN MASKS, HONEY... AND FOLLOW THOSE CREEPS DOWN!



THEN, THROUGH THE AMBER PATHWAYS... HEAVY WITH THE SILENCE OF HEARING HORROR...

WONDER WHETHER BRENDA'S SPOTTED WHAT'S AHEAD OF US... SOMETHING LIKE A TREMENDOUS BUBBLE ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEA!



THE FIENDS ARE GLIDING THROUGH... TAKING THEIR CAPTIVES WITH THEM!



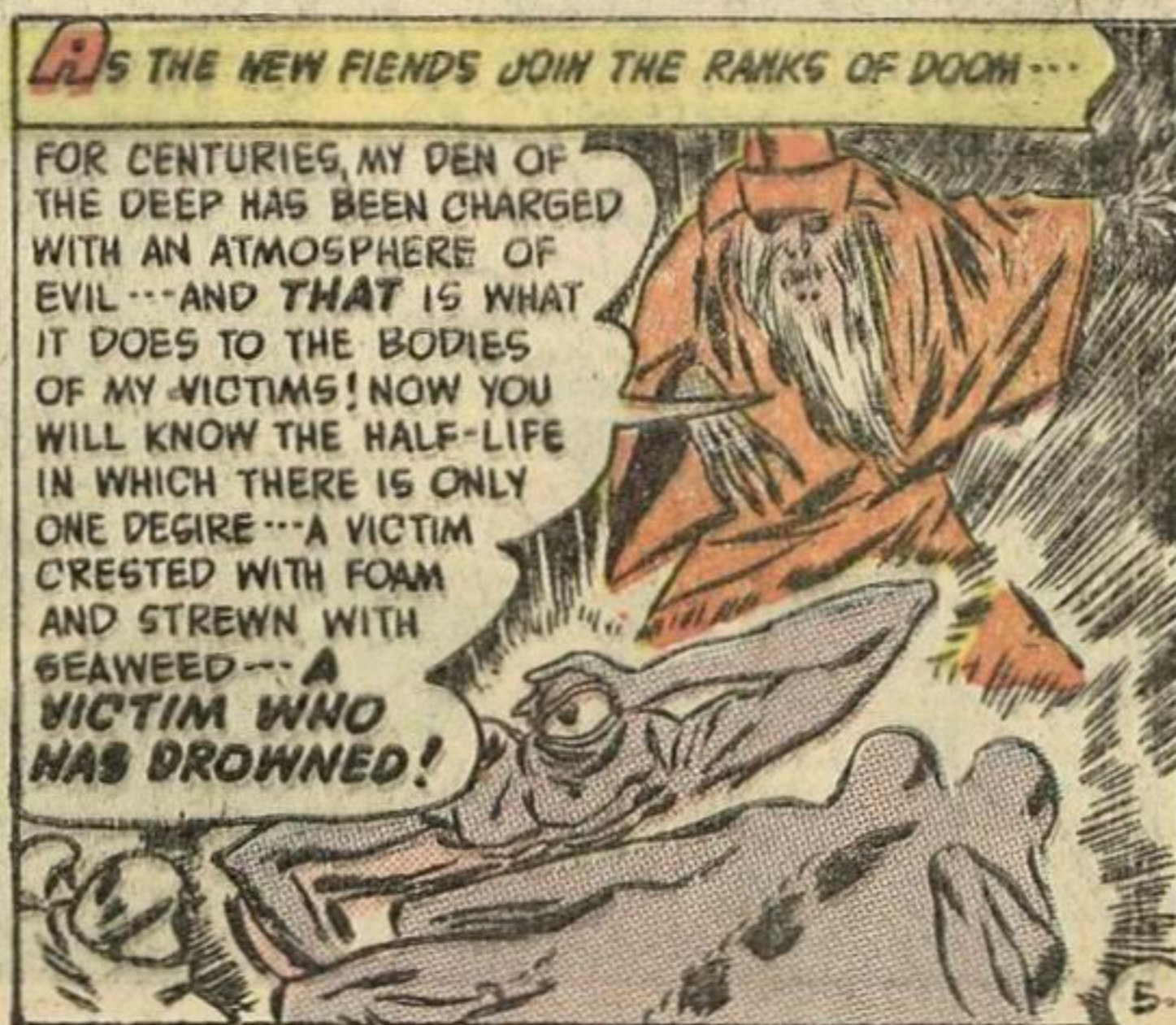
INCREDIBLE... BUT IT'S A HUGE WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENT! THERE MUST BE AIR RISING FROM AN OUTLET IN THE OCEAN FLOOR... WITH ENOUGH PRESSURE TO HOLD BACK THE SEA!

KEN'S GOT TO SEE THIS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THE TWO CORPSES... THEY'RE WRITHING IN AGONY!



HA! YOU FEARED FOR YOUR SOULS... BUT DID YOU SUSPECT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOUR BODIES?

AAAGH!



AS THE NEW FIENDS JOIN THE RANKS OF DOOM...

FOR CENTURIES, MY DEN OF THE DEEP HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH AN ATMOSPHERE OF EVIL... AND THAT IS WHAT IT DOES TO THE BODIES OF MY VICTIMS! NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE HALF-LIFE IN WHICH THERE IS ONLY ONE DESIRE... A VICTIM CRESTED WITH FOAM AND STREWN WITH SEAWEED... A VICTIM WHO HAS DROWNED!





**S**UDDENLY...

YE GODS...  
THEY'VE  
SPOTTED  
US!

YARRRGH!



HUMANS! PURSUE THEM  
THROUGH THE DEPTHS...  
DRAG THEM BACK...  
SHOW THEM WHAT  
IT MEANS TO  
VENTURE HERE!



THEY'RE COMING  
THROUGH! THIS IS  
GOING TO BE  
CLOSE!



**S**ECONDS LATER---

THEY'RE  
JUST BELOW  
US, KEN -- WE  
CAN'T  
ESCAPE!

WE'RE ONLY A SHORT DIS-  
TANCE FROM THE SHIP! COME  
ON -- WE'VE GOT TO  
REACH THAT ROPE  
TRAILING  
ASTERN!



Then... CHURNING THE WATER IN A DESPERATE  
RUSH...

HOLD ON, HONEY  
...WE'RE PICKING  
UP SPEED!

**A**S THE FIENDISH ORBS RECEDE IN THE DARKNESS---

WE'VE ESCAPED...BUT FOR  
HOW LONG? THE SEA GIRDLES  
THE WORLD, KEN...THE  
DEMON OF THE DEEP  
IS SURE TO FIND  
US!

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
THING TO DO! WE'LL  
MOVE INLAND, AWAY  
FROM THE SEA...  
UNTIL WE FIND SOME  
WAY TO DEAL WITH  
THAT CREEP...  
AND END HIS  
CURSE!



**T**HE FOLLOWING EVENING---

SEEMS LIKE A  
SCREWBALL DREAM  
NOW, DOESN'T IT...  
WITH THE SEA  
MILES BEYOND  
OUR SIGHT AND  
HEARING?

IT'S WONDERFUL  
TO HAVE LAND ALL  
AROUND US! BUT DID  
YOU NOTICE THAT  
STRANGE-LOOKING  
CAVE, KEN?



**E**VEN FROM A DISTANCE, IT LOOKED FORBIDDING...  
A PURPLE MASS GLAZED BY THE FADING SUN!

LET'S SEE WHAT THE  
INNKEEPER KNOWS ABOUT  
THE CAVE, BRENDA!



NO, SIGNOR...NONE OF  
US WISH TO KNOW ANY  
THING ABOUT A PLACE  
LIKE THAT! CAN YOU  
BLAME US...WHEN IT  
IS CALLED  
**THE  
GROTTO  
OF  
DEATH?**

WHAT PUZZLES ME IS  
THAT FOG...WHEN THE  
ATMOSPHERE IS PER-  
FECTLY CLEAR EVERY-  
WHERE ELSE!



**A**S DARKNESS FALLS IN A HUSHED  
WAVE...AND THE DISTANT HAZE AROUND  
THE GROTTO OF DEATH FLOWS LIKE A  
HEAVING TIDE...

**B**UT EVEN THEN...OUT OF THE  
FUMING WHITENESS...

FIRST IT WAS THE DEMON  
OF THE DEEP...AND  
NOW THE GROTTO  
OF DEATH! KEN, IT'S  
HARD TO EXPRESS  
WHAT I FEEL...BUT  
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT  
THAT FOG REMINDS  
ME OF...THE  
SEA!

STRANGE WHAT  
THE IMAGINATION  
WILL DO! I GET  
THE SAME IMPRESS-  
ION WHEN I LOOK UP  
THERE...IT'S ALMOST  
AS IF I CAN HEAR THE  
HISSING RUSH  
OF THE WAVES  
...AND YET  
I KNOW IT'S  
NONSENSE!



**L**ATER...  
KEN, DON'T  
THINK I'M  
CRAZY...JUST  
LET'S GET AWAY  
FROM HERE! THERE'S  
A TOUCH OF BRINY  
TERROR IN THE  
AIR...LIKE EVIL  
FLOWING  
CLOSER!

WHERE'LL WE  
GO? OUT THERE  
...IN THE DARK-  
NESS? LET'S  
KEEP OUR  
HEADS, HONEY  
...BECAUSE  
WHATEVER IT  
IS...WE'LL  
HAVE TO  
FACE  
IT!



**S**UDDENLY...IN A SWIRL OF TERROR...

ARRRGH!



Then...FORCED TOWARD THE EVIL-LADEN FOG...

KEN! THEY'RE TAKING  
US UP THERE... TO  
THE GROTTO OF  
DEATH!

I CAN GUESS WHY...IT'S  
THE NATURAL TUNNEL  
THAT CARRIES AIR TO  
THE DEN OF DOOM! NO  
USE TRYING TO RESIST  
THESE FIENDS NOW, BRENDA  
...BUT AS SOON AS THEIR  
ATTENTION SLACKENS  
...WE'LL TRY  
TO MAKE A  
BREAK!







I CAN'T  
BREATHE  
IN THIS  
PLACE!

THAT'S BECAUSE THE AIR  
IS HEAVILY CHARGED WITH  
**FIRE DAMP**... A POISONOUS  
GAS! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE  
WHY NO NATIVE WHO'S VENT-  
URED INTO THE CAVE HAS  
EVER LIVED LONG ENOUGH  
TO DISCOVER WHERE IT  
LEADS!



DEEP INSIDE THE ECHOING CHASM...

THE FUMES ARE  
MAKING ME  
DIZZY! WE'LL  
**NEVER** GET  
AWAY!

LOOK! I WAS WONDERING HOW  
THEY KEPT THE FIRE DAMP FROM  
FLOWING INTO THE DEN OF  
THE DEEP... AND THERE'S  
THE ANSWER! THERE MUST  
BE **AIR** SEEPING THROUGH  
ROCK FIGURES FURTHER  
AHEAD... AND THAT PIVOTING  
BOULDER ACTS AS A  
SEAL!



WITH A SUDDEN LEAP...

QUICK,  
BRENDA  
...GET TO  
ONE  
SIDE!



THIS'LL HOLD  
'EM UNTIL WE  
GET OUT...  
AND IT BETTER  
BE **FAST!**

CRASH!



WHAT NOW,  
KEN? WON'T  
THEY COME  
AFTER  
US?

MAYBE... BUT IT  
WON'T BE SOON  
ENOUGH! WE'RE  
HIGH ENOUGH TO  
OVERLOOK THE  
SEA... AND  
I'VE GOT A  
HUNCH THERE'LL  
BE PLENTY TO  
WATCH!



SECONDS LATER... RISING IN A WHITE-HOT FLASH  
FROM THE BOILING DEPTHS...

BOOM!



I CAN STILL FEEL THE  
HEAT WAVES BLOWING  
IN FROM THE SEA, KEN!  
THAT TREMENDOUS  
BLAST **VAPORIZED**  
THE DEMON OF THE  
DEEP AND HIS  
FIENDS... BUT  
WHAT CAUSED  
IT?

A HIGH CONCENTRATION  
OF **FIRE DAMP** IS EX-  
PLOSIONIC WHEN IT MIXES  
WITH **AIR**, HONEY... AND  
THAT'S JUST WHAT  
HAPPENED WHEN THE GAS  
FLOWED THROUGH THE  
NARROW TUNNEL LEADING  
TO THE UNDERSEA CHAMBER!  
IT TOOK SOMETHING AL-  
MOST AS VIOLENT AS  
AN ATOMIC BOMB...  
**BUT THOSE CREEPS  
ARE FINISHED!**

THE END



# INJUN ROPE-TRICK

CLEM PARKER WAS panning for gold on the banks of the Oro River in the wilds of Colorado when he heard a sudden *whoosh* and a soft *plop* behind him. He whirled; his hand streaking toward his holstered revolver...but then he froze in utter amazement at the sight of the old, wizened, brown-skinned man who had suddenly appeared as if he'd sprung right out of the rocky ground.

"Huh?" exclaimed Clem. "Whar in blazes did yuh come from?"

"India," said the old man.

"But yuh don't look like no Injun I ever seen...yuh're brown, not red!"

The old man gathered his white robe closer around him with one hand, while his other hand tightly clutched a coil of rope. "No, no," he said, "I come from India, from the other side of the world. I was banished for violating certain rules of the holy Yogi order...for using this sacred rope to enrich myself through public performances. My exile will continue until I do enough good deeds and rid the world of enough evil so that the sacrilege I was guilty of will be atoned for."

Clem scratched his grizzled beard in bewilderment...but before he could ask the stranger any more questions, the sound of thundering hooves and crackling rifle fire sounded behind them. "Take cover, Injun," Clem shouted, pulling the Hindu down behind a boulder. "Them varmints are out of sixgun range, but we're in rifle range. All they gotta do is keep a safe distance away, circle around us, and pick us off with the telescopic sights they got...I reckon we're goners!"

"I do not know what you mean by 'varmint'," the Hindu said, "but I assume that those men are evil. What is it they wish of you?"

"Muh gold dust," Clem said grimly, clapping a hand to the money belt strapped around his waist.

"Ah, then perhaps I can be of service to you...and to myself at the same time.

Trust me...give me your belt of gold dust!"

Clem hesitated, then shrugged. "What have I got tuh lose? Here!"

The Hindu quickly wrapped one end of his coil of rope around the money belt, muttered a few strange-sounding words...and before Clem's amazed eyes, the rope leaped straight up into the air, stiff as a pole, and hung motionless a foot above the Hindu's head. "Now quickly," the Hindu urged, "stand up and surrender to those evil men...so that they will approach us!"

Too dazed to do anything but obey the command, Clem rose, his hands high in the air. "Don't shoot!" he shouted. "We give up!"

Moments later, the two outlaws suspiciously approached, their rifles trained on Clem and the Hindu. "If this is a trick," the lead outlaw growled, "yuh won't live long enough tuh finish it. What's holdin' that money belt up there? Git it down here pronto!"

"It cannot come down," the Hindu said pleasantly. "You will have to climb up and get it. Try it...you will see that the rope supports your weight."

Still suspicious, the outlaw touched the rope, tugged at it. "Say, Rod, this rope is stiffer'n a fence post. Keep an eye on these two while I climb up an' git that money belt...when I git down, we'll finish 'em off."

The outlaw began climbing the rope hand over hand, but when he reached the top, the Hindu murmured a few more words...and money belt and outlaw both vanished into thin air. While the second outlaw gaped in stunned astonishment, Clem kayoed him with an uppercut...and then the Hindu began climbing the rope, saying, "I will throw down your money belt...but that evil one will never return to this earth again. And this good deed will enable me to return to India...farewell, my friend!"



# THE THING Without a FACE



LATE ONE AFTERNOON...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MRS. JOHNSON COMMITTED SUICIDE JUST A FEW HOURS AGO BY JUMPING FROM THE APARTMENT DIRECTLY ABOVE MINE! BUT I MUSTN'T GET MORBID ABOUT IT... I'VE GOT TO STOP WATCHING THOSE WORKMEN LAYING A NEW CEMENT SIDEWALK... TO REPLACE THE ONE THAT CRACKED WHEN SHE LANDED!



SHE WAS ALONE ALL THESE YEARS... AND NOW HER BODY'S ALONE... UNTIL THE CORONER'S EXAMINATION IN THE MORNING! THANK GOODNESS NED'S DROPPING AROUND LATER... I COULDN'T BEAR BEING BY MYSELF... KNOWING WHAT'S UP THERE!



THAT NIGHT...

OH, HEAVENS... I WAS SURE I HEARD NED'S FOOTSTEPS! WONDER WHO THAT IS?

AHH! JUST A FEW MORE YARDS BEFORE I FIND THE THING I HAVE LEARNED TO DETECT THROUGH THE CENTURIES... AN UNGUARDED CORPSE!





MINUTES LATER... AS ANN ANSWERS HER DOOR BELL...



MRS. JOHNSON! BUT YOU CAN'T SEE HER... SHE'S DEAD!

HA HA! AND WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAME... IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT?



I AM CLIMBING UP TO MRS. JOHNSON... HER WINDOW WILL ADMIT ME TO THE CHAMBER OF DEATH... AND YOU ARE GOING TO FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME!







IT'LL BE FIRM IN A FEW HOURS...  
AND THEN WE CAN MAKE A  
MASK FROM THIS NEGATIVE...  
BY FILLING IT  
WITH A PLASTIC  
COMPOUND! I  
WANT A CHANCE  
TO STUDY  
THESE  
FEATURES...  
AND SO  
WILL THE  
POLICE!



NED... I'VE  
SEEN THAT FACE!  
THE POLICE CAN  
ROUND UP MUR-  
DERERS AND  
MADMEN... BUT  
NOTHING LIKE  
HIM!

TRY NOT TO WORRY ABOUT IT,  
HONEY! WE'LL GO TO MY PLACE  
LATER... AFTER YOU'VE  
RESTED A COUPLE OF HOURS  
... AND SEE WHAT  
GIVES WITH  
THE MASK!



SOON AFTERWARD... IN A LAIR BLIGHTED  
BY RESTLESS DEATH...

THE ZOMBIE HAS  
RETURNED... BUT  
WHY HAS HE NOT  
BROUGHT A  
VICTIM?

HE ALWAYS FINDS  
**SOMEONE!** PER-  
HAPS THIS TIME, HE  
WILL **LEAD** US TO  
OUR PREY!



SLOWLY THE DOOR  
OPENS... AND THERE,  
FRAMED BY DARKNESS...



HE IS NO LONGER  
THE ZOMBIE **WE**  
OBEY! HE HAS  
BECOME **A THING**  
**WITHOUT A**  
**FACE!**

NOW **WE** CAN  
ROAM THE  
DARKNESS...  
AND THE FIRST  
OF US TO RETURN  
WITH A WALKING  
CORPSE WILL GAIN  
CONTROL OF THE BAND  
OF THE UNDEAD! HE  
WILL BECOME THE  
**NEW ZOMBIE!**



WE WILL WAIT UN-  
TIL THE STROKE OF  
TWELVE... WHEN THE  
LIVING SLEEP... AND  
THE DEAD ARE  
READY TO STIR!

YOU CHATTERING IDIOTS...  
DO YOU THINK I CAN BE  
DISPENSED WITH **THAT**  
EASILY? WANDER AS YOU  
WILL... SEARCH AMONG THE  
TOMBS... **SEE** IF YOU CAN MAKE  
THE DEAD WALK WITHOUT  
**ME!**



TOWARD  
MIDNIGHT...

HAA... THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME... THINK-  
ING I'LL LEAD THEM TO A CORPSE!  
BUT **THIS** IS THE HOUR WHEN I CAN  
**SENSE** WHERE TO FIND THAT IMPRINT  
... WHEN I CAN GET BACK MY  
FACE... AND TRICK **THEM**  
INTO SEIZING SOMEONE  
WHO'S **ALIVE!**



MINUTES LATER...AT NED'S HOME...

THAT SLAB OF CEMENT SHOULD HAVE HARDENED BY NOW, ANN! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

DON'T TAKE TOO LONG, DARLING! I FEEL JUMPY EVERY SECOND I'M ALONE!



THEN, AS NED'S FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT ALONG THE CORRIDOR ...



STEP BY STEP... WATCH...LISTEN! LISTEN... WATCH! YOUR PULSE WILL FADE...YOUR EYES GROW GLASSY...YOU WILL PLAY THE PART OF A WALKING CORPSE!



SUDDENLY...

ANN... I HEARD YOU SCREAM JUST AS I GOT UPSTAIRS! WHAT'S WRONG?



SHE'S IN A TRANCE! I DON'T LIKE THIS...AND I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THOSE PLODDING FOOTSTEPS ON THE FRONT PORCH!



A CORPSE! I SAW HER... I CLAIM HER... SHE'S MINE!

GREAT GUNS!



ANN! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN... IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, MOVE... RUN!



WHAM!

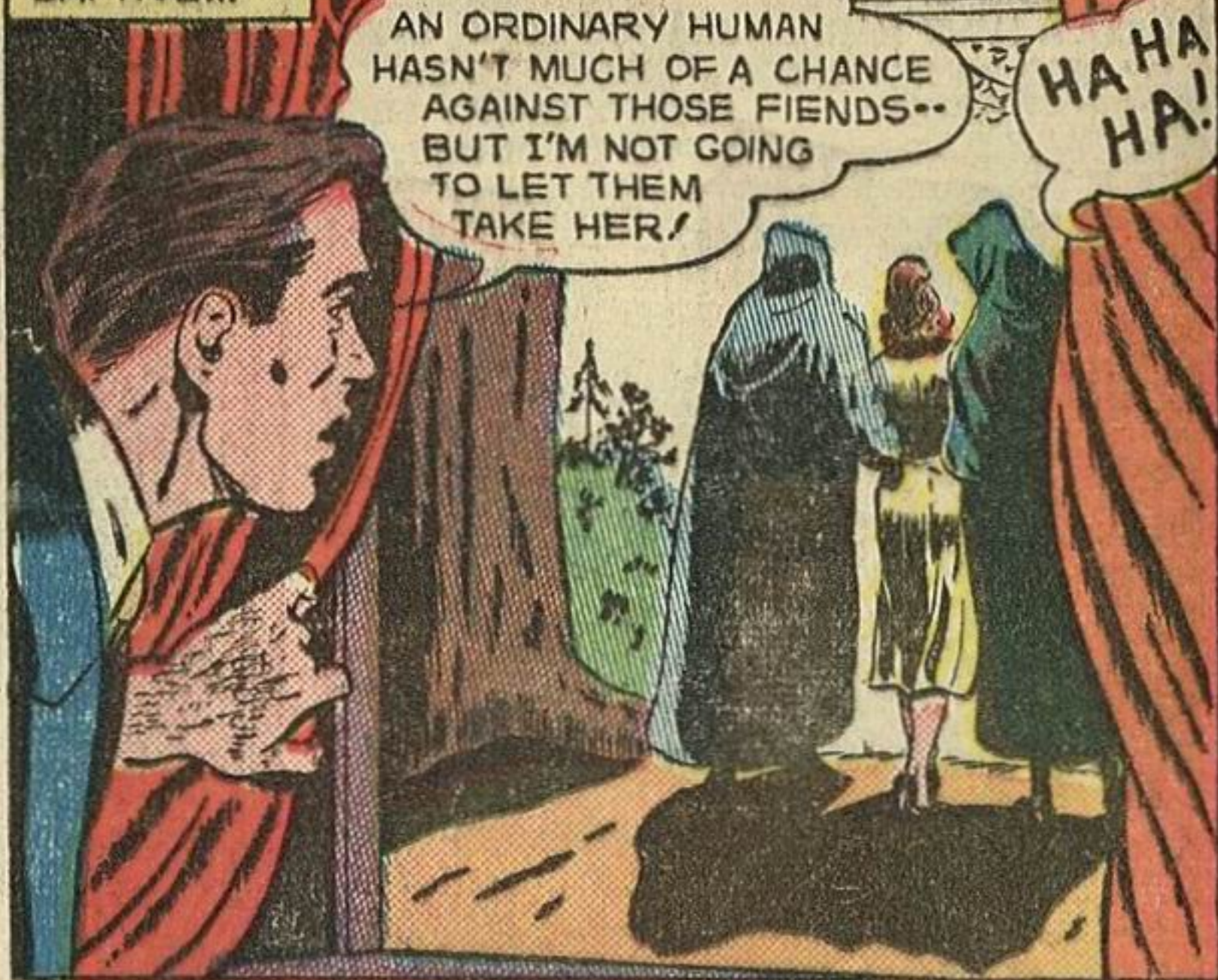




THEN...IN A JOSTLING RUSH OF HORROR...



AS THE UNDEAD FACE OFF WITH THEIR HELPLESS CAPTIVE...





A SECOND LATER...

YOU HAVEN'T GOT YOUR FACE YET, RAT! THIS TIME I'M GOING OUT THE WINDOW...AND MY CAR'S RIGHT BELOW!

FOOL! DO YOU THINK EVEN WALLS OF STEEL COULD WITHSTAND ME?

DEATH IS A GOOD DEAL CLOSER THAN YOUR CAR! BUT FIRST... I WANT THIS!

GOOD LORD... HE'S GOT BACK HIS FACE!

HA HA! THIS TIME I'LL KEEP IT... FOREVER!

CRASH!

ARE YOU SURE A REVOLTING MUSH LIKE THAT CAN STAND UP UNDER WEAR AND TEAR, BUB?

I TOLD YOU DEATH WAS CLOSE! BEFORE I LEAVE TO REGAIN CONTROL OVER THE BAND OF THE UNDEAD...YOU ARE GOING TO BE A CORPSE... A CORPSE I CAN SUMMON TO OUR MIDST TO PROVE MY MASTERY!

GO AHEAD, CREEP... BUT YOU'D BETTER EXPECT FAR MORE THAN A CORPSE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? SPEAK... UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE STRANGLED SLOWLY!

I'VE GIVEN THE POLICE AN EXACT DESCRIPTION OF YOUR COSTUME...YOU'LL BE WATCHED FROM A HUNDRED DOORWAYS AND WINDOWS EVERY YARD OF THE WAY! MAYBE THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO KILL YOU WHEN THEY CLOSE IN...BUT THEY'LL KEEP YOU AND THE UNDEAD BESIEGED... UNTIL SCIENTISTS FIND A WAY TO DO IT!

SO THE POLICE EXPECT TO FIND ME SLINKING THROUGH THE STREETS, EH? BUT HOW MUCH WILL THEY NOTICE IF WE CHANGE CLOTHES...AND YOU DRIVE ME TO OUR MEETING PLACE?

I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND BY THIS HYENA, BUT HE'S TAKEN THE BAIT... EXACTLY AS I PLANNED!

GET IN! AND REMEMBER...I'LL BE SITTING RIGHT BEHIND YOU...MY HANDS WITHIN INCHES OF YOUR THROAT!



SOON AFTERWARD...WITH THE ZOMBIE'S LAIR  
REARING ON A BROODING HILLTOP...

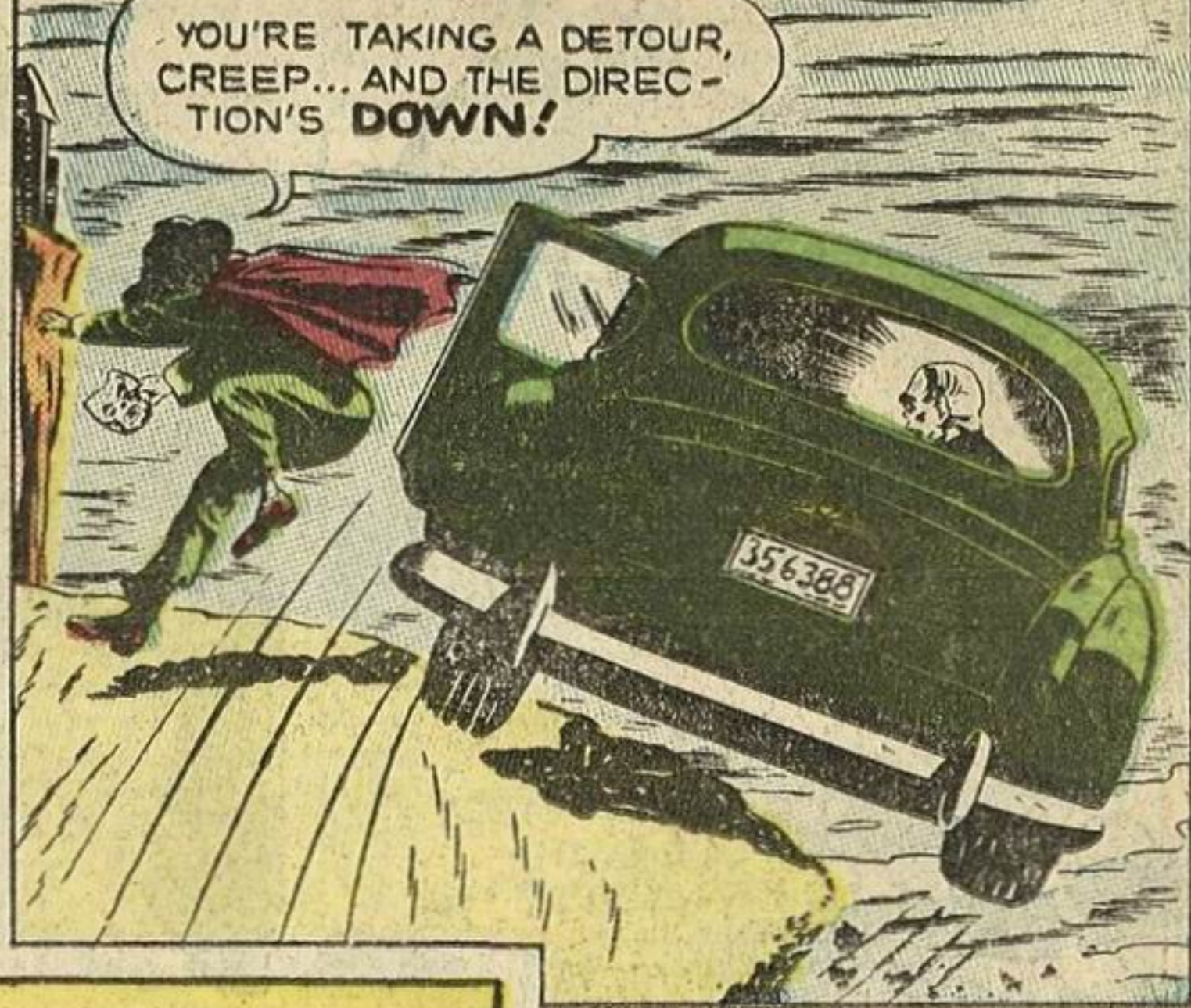
HAA...WHAT A DOUBLE SUR-  
PRISE I HAVE IN STORE FOR  
THE UNDEAD! I'VE GOT MY  
FACE...AND ALL THEY'VE  
GOT IN THEIR FRANTIC  
BID FOR POWER  
IS A GIRL WHO'S  
ALIVE!

I'M WHIP-  
PING OUT A FEW  
SURPRISES, TOO  
...AND I'D BET-  
TER START  
NOW!



WITH A SHARP WRENCH OF THE WHEEL...

YOU'RE TAKING A DETOUR,  
CREEP...AND THE DIREC-  
TION'S **DOWN!**



EVEN THAT CAN'T HARM A  
ZOMBIE...BUT IT'LL GIVE ME  
ANOTHER FEW MINUTES' LEE-  
WAY! THE REST DEPENDS  
ON LUCK... BUT THEY'RE  
GOING TO BE MINUTES ANN  
AND I WILL NEVER  
FORGET!

**CRASH!**



MINUTES LATER...

SHE WILL MOVE WHEN  
I TELL HER TO MOVE...  
BECAUSE SHE  
**KNOWS** WHO BROUGHT  
HER TO THE RANKS  
OF THE UNDEAD! I  
AM THE ONE...I AM  
THE LEADER...I  
AM THE ZOMBIE!

I'VE RECOVERED  
FROM MY TRANCE...  
BUT I DON'T DARE  
SHOW IT! IF THOSE  
FIENDS DETECT  
THE SLIGHTEST  
SIGN OF LIFE...I'LL  
BE TORN APART!



SUDDENLY...FROM THE  
DARKENED DOORWAY...

HONEY, THIS IS ME...**NED!**  
NO MATTER WHAT YOU  
**THINK** YOU SEE...FOR  
PETE'S SAKE, DON'T BUDGE  
...UNTIL I CLAP MY  
HANDS!

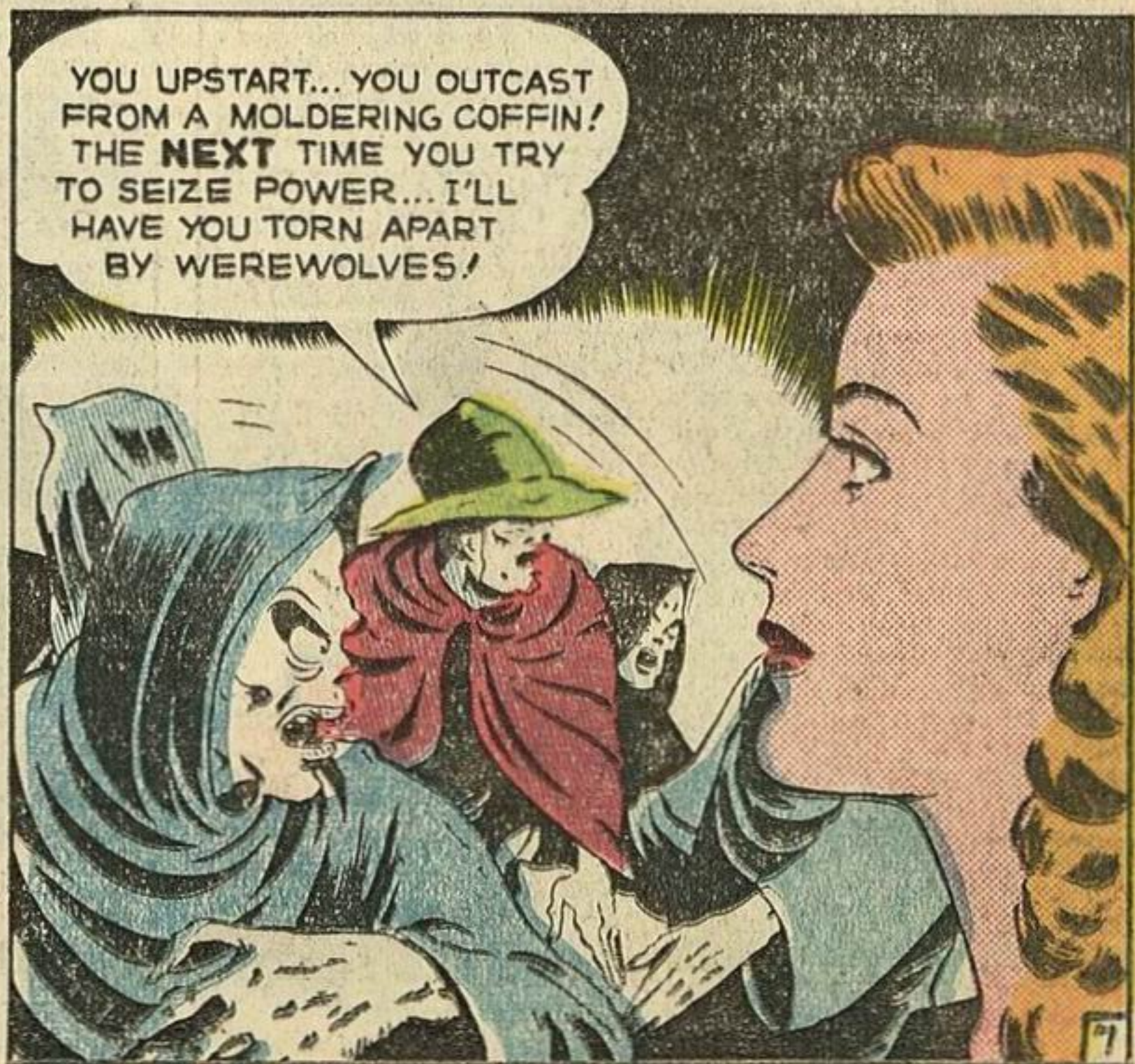


GRAVEYARD SPAWN!  
WHEN YOU SPEAK  
OF THE ZOMBIE...  
YOU SPEAK OF  
**ME!**

HIS FACE...  
HIS FACE...  
HE GOT IT  
BACK AGAIN!



YOU UPSTART... YOU OUTCAST  
FROM A MOLDERING COFFIN!  
THE **NEXT** TIME YOU TRY  
TO SEIZE POWER... I'LL  
HAVE YOU TORN APART  
BY WEREWOLVES!





YOU ARE THE MASTER... I WILL OBEY! BUT IF I AM STILL ONE OF THE UNDEAD... HOW COULD THE CORPSE HEAR MY SUMMONS... WHAT MADE THE CORPSE WALK?

BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED... BY THE ONE SCIENTIST IN THE WORLD WHO CAN DESTROY US! THE GIRL'S A DECOY WHOSE SUBCONSCIOUS WILL IS LEADING HIM HERE... AND HE'LL BE ARRIVING ANY MOMENT... DISGUISED AS ME!

NO... NO! HOW CAN THERE BE A SUBCONSCIOUS WILL... IN A CORPSE?

THAT'S JUST IT, YOU HAREBRAINED HORRORS... SHE ISN'T A CORPSE! SHE'S MERELY HYPNOTIZED... AND ALIVE!

AWAKE FROM YOUR TRANCE! SHOW THESE UNBURIED DOGS THE FATAL BLUNDER THEY'VE MADE!

OH!

CLAP!

NOW SHE WILL DIE, ZOMBIE!

YES... WE WILL KILL THEM BOTH! I AM CLAIMING THE GIRL AS MINE... WHILE YOU PROVE YOUR WORTH BY SHOWING THE IMPOSTOR WHAT THE UNDEAD CAN DO! GIVE HIM NO CHANCE TO STRIKE... THE MOMENT HE ENTERS... REND HIM LIMB FROM LIMB!

SECONDS LATER...

YOU FOOLS... IS THIS THE WELCOME I GET? SPEAK... WHERE IS THE GIRL?

LISTEN, TRICKSTER! PERHAPS YOU WILL HEAR HER DEATH CRY... AN INSTANT BEFORE YOUR OWN RISES FROM YOUR THROTTLED THROAT!

STOP... STOP!

SCIENCE GAVE YOU OUR MASTER'S FACE, SWINDLER... BUT CAN IT SAVE YOUR LIFE?

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE GRISLY SPECTACLE

OH, NED! THEY'RE TEARING HIM APART... AND I HOPE I NEVER SEE ANYTHING MORE HIDEOUS THAN THAT!

YOU WOULD HAVE, HONEY... IF THAT MONSTER HAD BEEN PERMITTED TO SURVIVE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE UNDEAD, NED... CAN ANYTHING STOP THEM?

THEY'RE FINISHED TOO, ANN... ALL OF THEM! WITH THE ZOMBIE DESTROYED, THE UNDEAD HAVE LOST THE POWER THAT RELEASED THEM FROM THE GRAVE... AND AT DAWN... THAT'S WHERE THEY'LL RETURN!

THE END!



Be the  
**MASTER**  
not the slave!  
Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE

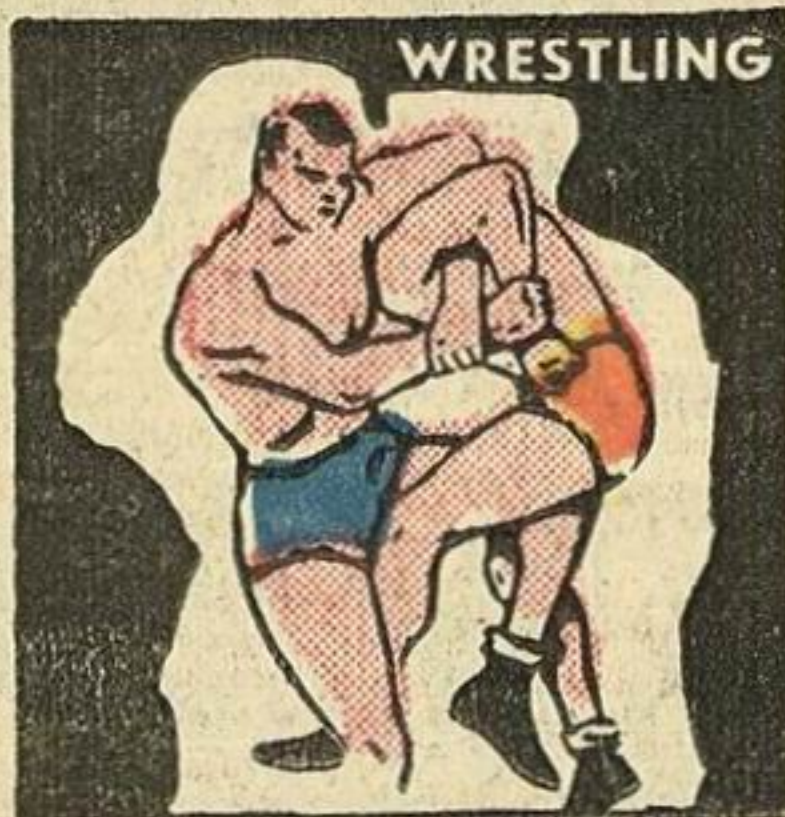


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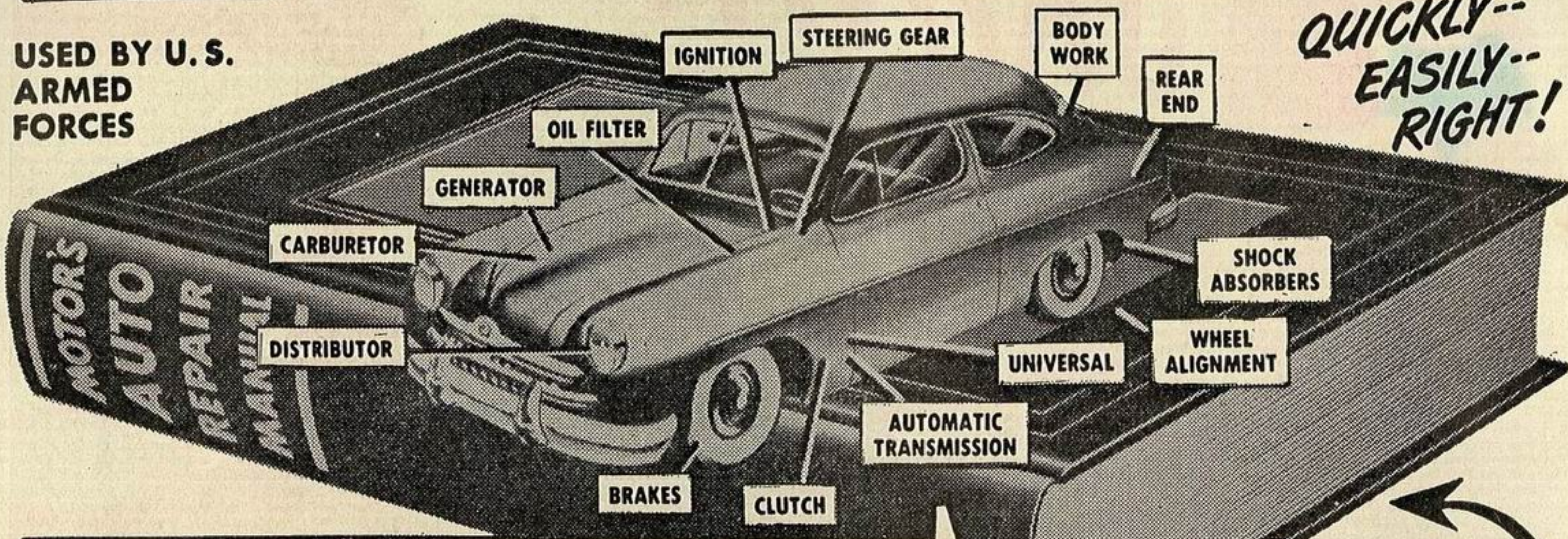
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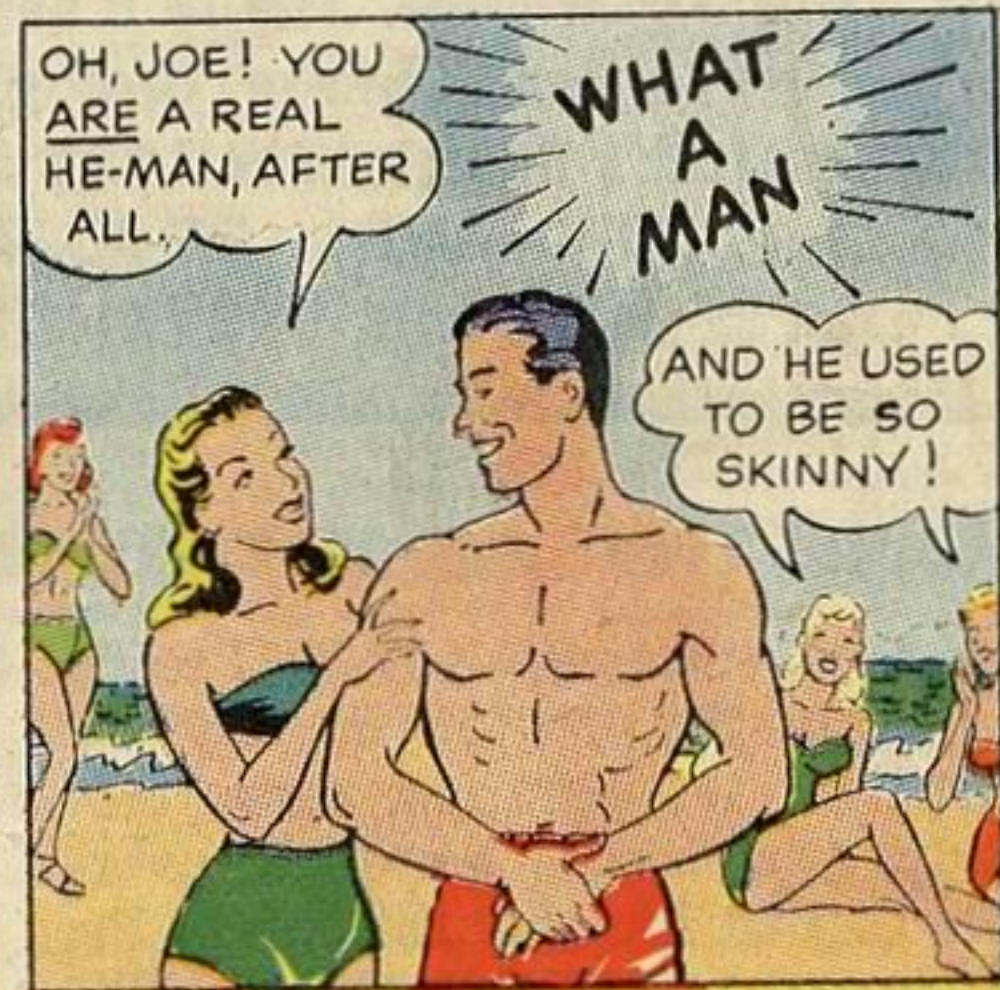
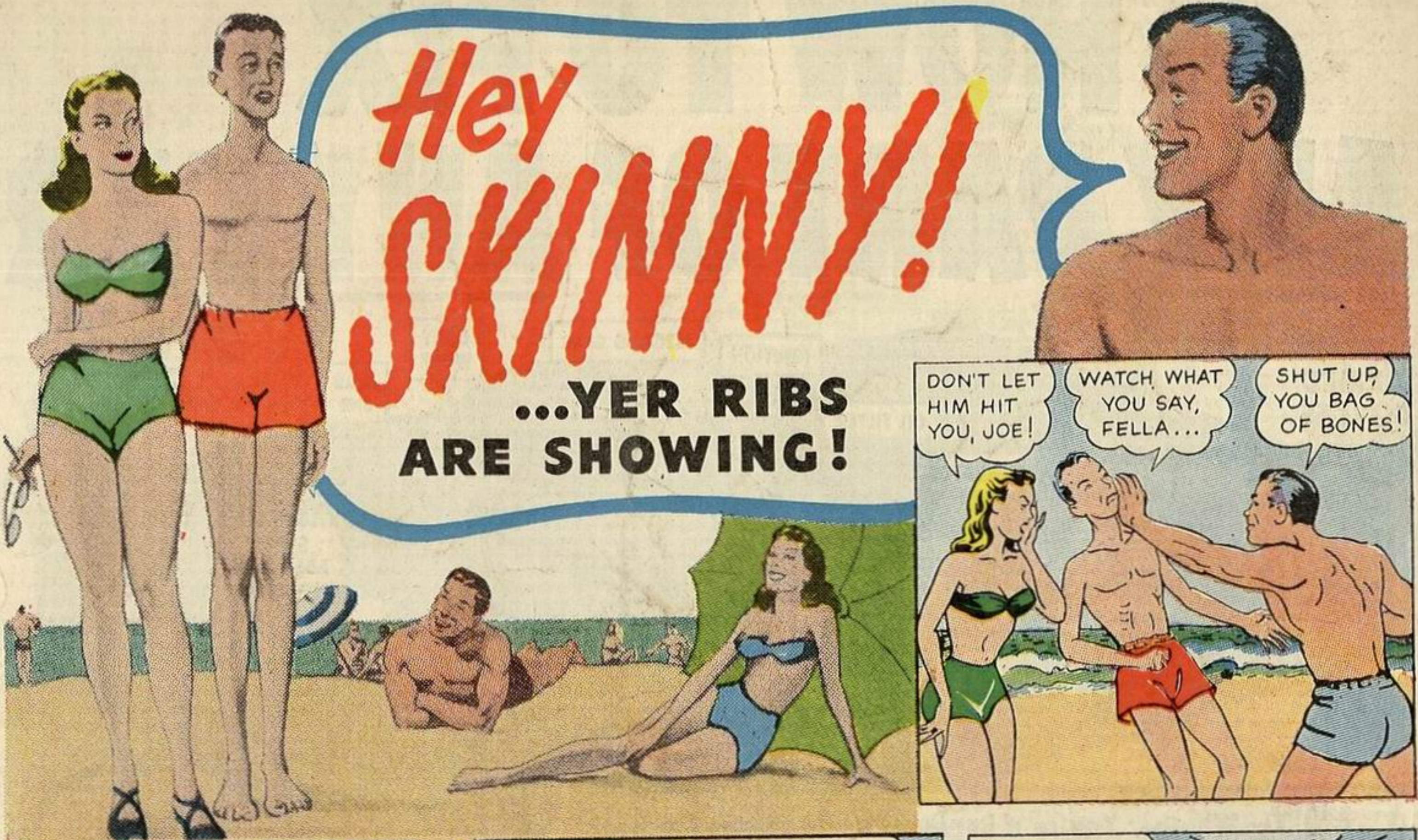
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